



P O E M S

Written Occasionally by the Late

JOHN WINSTANLEY,

A. M. L. D.

F. S. T. C. D.

Interspers'd with many Others,

By Several INGENIOUS HANDS.

VOL. II.

*Absint inani funere nœniæ,
Luctusque turpes, et quærimoniæ
Non omnis moriar.*

HOR.

Published by his SON.



• D U B L I N:
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Nathaniel Clements, Esq;

S I R,

THE Editor of this Miscellaneous Collection, in filial Affection to a deceased Father, presumes to offer it to the Public under the Sanction of your Name, and intreat your Patronage of an Orphan, deprived of the Support and rearing Hand of its Parent.

THE Voice of the Public, disengages the Editor from the Necessity of making any Apology

DEDICATION.

logy for an Address of this Nature ; and their Acknowledgments of your singular Merit, free him from the ungrateful Task which Dedications usually impose.

YET permit him, SIR, to say, that Motives of a more private Nature, though no less prevalent with a grateful Mind, determined him to fix on you for his Patron.

BENEVOLENCE is the Growth of a generous Heart, and confined by you to no single Object ; but the Editor hath received such peculiar Marks of it from Mr. CLEMENTS, that Gratitude will not allow him to be silent.

IF

DEDICATION.

IF, therefore, by an humble Tender of the following Poems, the Editor can contribute to the Amusement of a vacant Hour, he shall think himself happy in having this Opportunity, of testifying his grateful Sense of your Favours, and of publicly subscribing himself, with the greatest Respect,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

and most obliged,

Humble Servant,

Geo. Winstanley.

DEDICATION

Dr. Charles D. Smith
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the Anniversary of a
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happy in having the opportunity
of expressing his grateful
sense of your favours and of
personally acknowledging them
with the greatest Regret.

S I R,

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and most obliged

Humble Servant

Geo. W. Whaley

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Dr. *WIN.*

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E R R A T A.

READERS, whatever Faults you find,
If you'll correct them to your Mind,
The Editor and Printer too,
Will be the more oblig'd to you.



Dr. *WINSTANLEY's*
P O E M S.

Doctor WINSTANLEY's GHOST, to his
FRIEND at Glasinevin.



FROM Regions of eternal Light,
Where Streams of Bliss incessant flow,
To thee with Rapture, I indite,
My dear APOLLO once below.

VOL. II.

A

Here,

Here, safe from all the Storms of Life,
 Where few can steer the Helm aright ;
 Where Locust-Swarms of Cares and Strife,
 The Noon-Day of our Lives benight.

Mix'd with the Gen'rous, Just, and Wise,
 (Deep-imag'd Bliss, my long Desire)
 Vain earthly Joys no more I prize,
 Nor Pomp and empty Shew admire.

Here free and unconfin'd I soar
 Thro' endless Orbs, completely blest !
 Where griping Us'ry hurts no more,
 Nor Frowns of Insolence molest.

Here I behold those tuneful Swains,
 That whilom for thy Laurel strove,
 Forget their emulating Strains,
 And join in Harmony and Love.

Here,

Here, purg'd from jealous, cold Distrust,

POPE, ADDISON, and SWIFT unite,
With TICKELL, * Partner of my Dust,

And form a Choir divinely bright.

How ravishing the Joys above,

Where Souls refin'd in Confort sit !

Where one bright Beam of Heav'n-born Love

Outshines a *Galaxy* of Wit.

O may that friendly, bounteous Heart,

That me and mine preserv'd alive,

Still it's kind Influence impart,

And in thy Bosom still survive !

So, when thy Pilgrimage is o'er,

And Nature into Life expires,

I'll bid thee welcome to this Shore,

Where full Fruition crowns Desires !

A 2

An

* Buried near Mr. TICKELL, at *Glassnevin*.

An O D E.

Addressed to HIS EXCELLENCY the EARL of
HARRINGTON, LORD LIEUTENANT
of IRELAND, 1749.

I.

THE Muse attempts a noble Flight,
Aloft she soars on *Pindar's* Wing,
Surveys the Terrors of the Height

Unaw'd, for *Virtue* bids her sing;
Tho' weak the Voice, where *Virtue* calls for Praise,
Each low Conception she can raise,
Pour on the Heart th'inspiring Flame,
And make the Verse exalted as the Theme.
If virtuous Acts the Soul inspire,
To STANHOPE's Glory string the Lyre,
To STANHOPE's Name, in whom we find
Each Attribute of Worth harmoniously combin'd.

II.

Thro' STANHOPE's Cares, perfidious *Spain*,
 With Rage beheld her nice-wrought Schemes,
 Her deep-laid Politicks as vain,
 As weak Projectors airy Dreams;
 His noble Soul disrob'd of dark Disguise,
 Foils ev'ry Plot, fears no Surprize,
 His Truth to Fraud superiour smiles,
 And greatly triumphs o'er *Italian Wiles*:
 The * *subtle Statesman* now repines
 At frustrate Aims and vain Designs,
 Nor ceas'd with frantic Rage to moan
 † *Iberia's* ruin'd Fleet, and *Naples* not her own.

III.

Intrepid on *Biscayan Shores*,
 Th' illustrious WARRIOR next survey,
 Where haughty *Spain's* collected Stores,
 Prepar'd for future *Navies* lay,
 A 3 *Navies,*

* Cardinal Fleury.

† In the Year 1718.

Navies, whereby she fondly hop'd to be

Imperial Sov'reign of the Sea,

By which she deem'd to raise her Name,
Extend despotic Sway, and spread her Fame.

BUT STANHOPE, foremost on the Strand,
Like Light'ning darts the direful Brand,
See! see! the Flames the Stores invade,
And all her mighty Hopes in Dust and Ashes laid.

IV.

In Arts like these the Brave are train'd,
These Arts adorn'd his rip'ning Years,
By virtuous Actions STANHOPE gain'd
Th' illustrious Honours that he wears.

Hail! PRINCELY HARRINGTON as good as great,
Thou skilful *Pilot* of the *State*;
Thy Worth e'en jarring Factions own
Factions—whose Malice spar'd thy Worth alone.
Hail! by the best of Kings belov'd,
Hail! by each honest Heart approv'd,
For gen'ral Praise thy Merits call,
Unjust, unkind to none, benevolent to all.

V.

New Hopes, new Joys *Hibernia's* Isle,
 Blest by thy Influence, assumes ;
 Thy Presence bids our Labours smile,
 And crowns with Wreaths our *active Looms* ;
 Beneath thy *Patronage* our Arts shall grow,
 To Thee the bounteous *Grant* we owe :
 Then let each grateful Tongue and Heart conspire,
 With lofty Numbers swell the tuneful Lyre,
 Great STANHOPE's Glory to rehearse,
 Justly distinguish'd in immortal Verse :
 Pale *Envy* shall no longer pine,
 Nor with her Sister *Discord* join ;
 Unclouded in poetic Lays
 Shall shine in perfect Brightness, STANHOPE's Praise.

YARICO's Epistle to INKLE. A POEM.
Occasioned by reading SPECTATOR, Vol. I.
No. II.

HERE let a *Captive* fetch a pànting Groan,
Dissolv'd in flowing Tears till now unknown ;
And Swan-like enter with a mournful Strain,
A *Sea* of Toil, a *World* of boundless Pain.
Still is there left me Freedom to deplore,
To kiss and grasp my now abandon'd Shore,
Nor hope to taste it's short-liv'd Pleasures more ;
Still have I Freedom to expose thy Shame,
Perfidious Man, and curse the hated Name.

Ye conscious Breezes that around me play,
Bear the soft Breathings of my Soul away ;
My Sighs in Whispers to his Breast impart,
And tend to Pity his relentless Heart.

Sooner cou'd *Zephirs* tear the stately Oak,
Or falling *Waters* cleave the flinty Rock,
Than such a Message pierce his stubborn Mind,
And teach an o'ergrown Ruffian to be kind :

Whom

Whom neither Tears nor plighted Vows cou'd move,
Nor sacred Ties of long-continu'd Love.

Furies conspir'd to constitute his Frame,
Confirm'd in Guilt, and obstinate in Shame.

Beneath what boding *Planet* was I born?
What odious *Star* o'er-rul'd that fatal *Morn*?
And curs'd my Entrance on this Stage of Life,
Big with the dire Prefages of my Grief.
Did e'er such Loads of Sorrow sink a Breast,
With so much *Love* and *Innocence* possess'd?
Why don't th' Immortal GODS (if GODS there are)
Make so much *Love* and *Innocence* their Care,
Those two grand *Virtues* that our Lives controul,
And sweeten ev'ry Passion of the Soul?

Ah! wheresoe'er I turn my weeping Eyes,
Waves peep o'er *Waves*, o'er *Billows* *Billows* rise,
The lengthen'd Prospect terminates in Air,
A dreadful Gulph of Sorrow and Despair.
There must I lie, that Ocean must entomb
My lifeless Carcass in it's chrystal Womb;

Where

Where none can point me out beneath the Wave,
Or write the mournful Story on my Grave.

It grieves me to recal the golden Days,
When crown'd with Gems and never-fading Bays,
In awful Majesty I cou'd advance,
And 'midst a Crowd of Lovers lead the Dance.
None was so gay, so brisk, so sprightly seen
To trip in Gambols o'er the verdant Green.
Alas! too soon our vernal Flow'rs decay,
Too soon that *Phantom, Pleasure*, steals away:
Our limpid Stream of *Bliss* glides on too fast,
And ends a frightful *Cataract* at last.

How oft' did I my Ignorance bemoan?
How labour hard to make my Accents known?
How with my Tears and deep-fetch'd Sighs complain,
To breathe th' Endearments of my Soul in vain?
When yet in Words unknown they were convey'd,
And Motion seemingly sincere repay'd.
Passion, express'd in Words untaught can't move,
'Tis sweet to be intelligible in Love.

Oh,

Oh, had I ne'er believ'd thy flatt'ring Eyes !
 Too fond to love, too loving to be wife.
 Oft' have I led thee to the purling Floods,
 To silent Groves and unfrequented Woods ;
 Where Birds in Confort ply'd their warbling Throats,
 And *Philomelas* tun'd their softest Notes.
 Oft' have I laid thee in the Jess'mine Bow'r,
 And cull'd to garnish thee from ev'ry Flow'r :
 Bad thee no more for distant Regions weep,
 And sooth'd the Sorrows of thy Heart asleep ;
 Check'd ev'ry fullen Thought with tender Care,
 Compos'd the waving Ringlets of thy Hair :
 View'd each transporting Feature of thy Face,
 And innocently smil'd on ev'ry Grace.
 Oft' on my Knee thy drooping Head sustain'd,
 And in thy then soft Bosom dipt my Hand,
 Thy faithless Bosom ! but alas, cou'd ne'er
 Discern Ingratitude sit brooding there ;
 Ingratitude, that damps and cankers all,
 And spreads a Venom o'er the tainted Soul ;

That

That, Tyrant-like, in it's full Force display'd,
 Requites with Injuries the guiltless Maid ;
 At Sight of which each Mark of Love's forgot,
 And thousand Favours dwindle into Nought.

Now weeping my dejected Fate I mourn,
 Now with Regret and Indignation burn,
 When lonely pensive I recal to Mind,
 As on a mossy Bank you lay reclin'd ;
 In all the Pomp of blooming Roses drest,
 Nor half so gay the *Monarch* of the *West* :
 When, on a sudden, lo, a swarthy Crowd
 In Quest of Prey came rustling thro' the Wood ;
 I interpos'd, and with loud Cries implor'd
 The eager Crew to spare my sleeping Lord :
 Beauty in Tears their rav'nous Breasts cou'd move,
 'Tis brave to pity the soft Pangs of Love.
 What have not I, unhappy Creature, done
 To save a Life so fatal to my own ?

So have I seen beneath a verdant Shade
 The glorious *Silk-Worm* innocently lay'd,

Still toil and labour to his own Decay,
And spin until he spun his Life away.

Ye *Stars*, inferior Ministers of Light,
That cheer the gloomy Shade of silent Night,
Have seen me bear the circling Chain of Woes,
And sacrifice my own to his Repose ;
When Sleep (to wretched me design'd in vain)
Had spread it's balmy Wings o'er ev'ry Plain ;
And in deep Silence hush'd each dewy Grove,
Whilst anxious I was kept awake by Love.

O *Liberty*, thy God-like Form I find
Still haunt my Heart, still springing in my Mind ;
Solac'd by thy serene, engaging Eyes,
The gaudy Pomp of *Empire* I'd despise ;
At plummy Crests and speckl'd Robes I'd frown,
Nor condescend so low as to a *Crown*.
How blest was I beneath his gentle Sway,
My *Grotto* smil'd, and all around was gay.
Thou gav'st a Beauty to each budding Flow'r,
And *Paradise* was lodg'd in ev'ry Bow'r.

Then

Then in the Height of Blifs, from Shade to Shade,
 Thro' Scenes of pleasing Solitude I stray'd ;
 Fair as the *Rose*, and sprightly as the *Hind*,
 And as the *Linnet* free and unconfin'd :
 While rival Youths each Morn my Arbour grac'd,
 With glitt'ring Shells in beauteous Order plac'd :
 Peace shone divinely bright thro' ev'ry Grove,
 And all around was *Liberty* and *Love*.

Fain would I stifle each convulsive Sigh,
 Fain let thy Name within my Bosom die ;
 Fain from my Breast thy loathsome Image tear,
 But ah too lasting is the *Pledge* I bear ;
Pledge, did I say ? sad *Pledge* ! nay let it be
 Torn from my Womb whate'er remains of thee.
 But, hark ! the *Child*, to gen'rous Pity wrought,
 Affrighted, startles at th' enormous Thought ;
 Bids me the Tumult of my Mind controul,
 And, conscious, dictates Patience to my Soul ;
 Tells me in Whispers he'll my Blifs restore,
 Renounce the Father, and be his no more.

O thou

O thou dear *Partner* of my Grief, I'll find
 In thee a *Child*, a *Husband* and a *Friend*.
 While yet, *sweet Babe*, to my fond Bosom prest,
 Thou like a *Pearl* hang'st pendant on my Breast,
 Thy Soul with early Courage I'll inspire,
 To brave the Insults of a treach'rous *Sire* ;
 In Spite of Scorn and Cruelties we'll live,
 And lost in Sympathy forget to grieve.

Farewel, ye purling *Streams* and silent *Dales*,
 Ye flow'ry *Meads* and ever-blooming *Vales* ;
 By you, false Man, from their Embraces torn,
 My ravish'd Joy and transient Bliss I mourn.

Such Sorrows rack the wand'ring *Linnet's* Breast
 When exil'd she bemoans her rifl'd Nest ;
 Oft' she looks back, and wings around the Wood,
 Where once erect her mossy Fabrick stood.

But oh ! in vain these loud unpity'd Cries,
 In vain the Tears fall streaming from my Eyes.
 I'll call propitious *Heav'n* to my Defence,
 And calmly triumph in my *Innocence* :

Nor

Nor trust again that monstrous Creature, *Man*,
 Or in my Bosom hug the direful Bane;
 But boldly venture with th' insulting Crew,
 And bid the World, with all it's Joys, ADIEU.

R E T I R E M E N T.

THOU sweet Refreshment of the busy Mind,
 When prest with Care, and when with Age declin'd,
 When anxious Qualms becloud the drooping Heart,
 And Life's gay Scenes a sickly Joy impart;
 'Tis then the Rich, th' Ambitious and the Great,
 Court the soft Refuge of thy calm Retreat.

Retirement! 'tis to thee we must apply,
 Live in thy *Cell*, e'er we can learn to die;
 In thy *Recess* more solid Charms we'll find,
 Than all those Follies that bewitch Mankind;
 There we'll be taught the Science to despise,
 A motley World of Vanity and Vice.

The *Statesman* treads a slipp'ry Path of Life,
 Bedaub'd with Flatt'ry, and beset with Strife;

Distrust

Distrust and Fear his tott'ring Steps attend,
 While the masqu'd Foe still personates the Friend.
 Tir'd out at Length, to thy Embrace he flies,
 And views the transient Blaze with scornful Eyes.

The *Hero*, from the horrid Din of Arms,
 From Fields of Blood, and turbulent Alarms ;
 Loaded with Fame, and eager to be free,
 With glowing Ardour fights his Way to thee :
 Then smiling sees beneath thy peaceful Shade,
 His *Trophies* wither, and his *Laurels* fade.

The *Merchant* cloy'd and surfeited with Gain,
 Toft o'er the Surges of the stormy Main ;
 While struggling Winds, and sullen Tempests roar,
 Tacks Helm about, and seeks thy silent Shore :
 There lull'd to Rest beholds the rolling Tide,
 The *Billows* slumber, and the *Waves* subside.

To Master J—— B——, on the Earl of
CHESTERFIELD's making him an Ensign,
from Dr. Thompson's School, 1745.

AUSPICIOUS YOUTH! what happy Stars attend
Thy Dawn of Life, since STANHOPE is thy *Friend*!
STANHOPE, whose piercing Judgment saw with Joy
The budding Hero in the blooming Boy,
Detach'd thee soon 'midst Wars confus'd Alarms,
From classic Ease to exercise in Arms.
Haste then, dear Youth, new Scenes of Blood to see,
GEORGE thy *Augustus*, thy *Mæcenæ* HE.
Cæsar has taught thee how in Arms to shine,
And *Tully* how to scourge a *Cataline*.
Aspire to martial Fame while Tumults rage,
But let the Muse thy peaceful Hours engage.
Thy STANHOPE then, that great distinguish'd Name,
Whose *Patriot Breast* glows with each gen'rous Flame,
Gladly shall see in thy maturer Days,
Thy *Sword* the *Laurel* gain, thy *Pen* the *Bays*.

ADVICE *to a YOUNG LADY at Bath.*

FAIR, SWEET and YOUNG, receive this friendly
Strain,

And listen, if you wish a lasting Reign.

No sugar'd Words you must expect to find,

They please the Fancy, but mislead the Mind :

The courtly Lover in these Lines I weave,

And whilst a Counsellor dismiss the Slave.

Know thy own Merit, and assert thy Charms,

Expos'd to Dangers, and beset with Harms.

Beware the treach'rous Whispers of the Gay,

Nor let soft Nonsense steal thy Heart away.

Lords, Knights, and 'Squires, avoid with equal Care,

Alike pernicious to the *giddy Fair*.

Conduct shou'd ever be with Beauty join'd,

It looks severe, but proves severely kind :

Without this Guide, how few forbear to stray,

Too oft' the brightest Eyes mistake their Way.

Ev'n you may fall from *Glory* to *Disgrace*,
 And lose the Conquests, yet retain your Face.
 But *Heav'n* preserve you from a tott'ring *Throne*,
 And make you wise by Suff'rings not your own.
 OH! may my *Fair One* learn without Expence,
Bath is the Touchstone of a Woman's Sense.

*A POEM to a LADY, upon a Fly getting into
 her Eye.*

THAT pretty little gaudy *Fly*,
 That flew into your lovely *Eye*,
 Had surely form'd no mean Design
 In chusing such a beauteous Shrine :
 After long hov'ring round the Flame,
 That streaming from a Taper came :
 Fool that I am, cries he, to die
 A Death of so much Infamy ;
 For since my Life I am to lose,
 A Death of Honour I will chuse :

In her bright *Eye* let me expire,
 Nor perish by a meaner Fire;
 Thus dying, I may boldly claim
 A shining and immortal Name:
 Th' admiring *World* will me revere,
 When I in Story shall appear;
 My *Fate* with Pleasure they'll behold,
 When 'tis in happy Numbers told;
 And in some public Place they'll raise
 A costly *Statue* to my Praise;
 So fair a Murd'rer will create
 An Envy of my glorious Fate:
 For who would not his *Life* resign?
 For such a charming *Death* as mine.
 'Tis true my Shape and Figure's small,
 For Grandeur not design'd at all;
 Yet, to my little Sense, I die
 Much like a Man of Quality;
 My Death will e'en such Wonders do,
 As yet your Lovers never knew:

For me you'll weep, while you deride
 Their Pains with an ungenerous Pride.
 Thus saying, he extends his Wings,
 And tow'rs her *Eyes* with Rapture springs ;
 Where drench'd in Tears, he smiling lay,
 And sigh'd his little Soul away.
 Can you then Tears in Earnest shed ?
 To mourn this pretty Insect dead.
 Cou'd I that happy Insect be,
 That you might weep as much for me !
 Gods ! what untoward Spirits thrive
 In this hard Age in which we live ;
 That for a *Fly* your *Eyes* can rain,
 But never for a *Lover's* Pain :
 If Pity, *Phillis*, warms your Heart,
 A nobler Way it's Beams impart ;
 For wretch'd *Philander*, let a Deluge fall,
 Whose Torments, and his Truths deserve it all.

The SPRING, *an* ELEGY: Or,

A certain GENTLEMAN'S LAMENTATION
for the Loss of his MISTRESS.

I.

NOW ev'ry Field it's blooming Charms renews,
 And treats Beholders with delicious Views ;
 In yielding Odours most profusely kind,
 To sooth the Senses, and inspire the Mind :
 In grateful Notes the *Lark* and *Linnet* sing,
 And Airs of Welcome greet the courteous Spring ;
 Fair Blossoms glitter, sprinkling Buds appear,
 And various Beauties crown the op'ning Year ;
 Leaves deck the Trees, the Fields are strow'd with
 Flow'rs,
 All Things now smile, but oh ! my Fortune low'rs.

II.

How fragrant Earth, serene the gentle Air,
 How gracious, how compos'd, how void of Care,
 Whole Nature seems, how bountiful and fair !

B 4

Behold,

Behold, a soft, refreshing, balmy Breeze,
Salutes the Branches of the murm'ring Trees ;
Wrinkles the Streams fair Surface in the Meads,
And bends the trembling Flow'rs yielding Heads ;
Mark how the wanton Cattle blithly play,
The Lads and Lasses negligent and gay,
Range through the Groves, and in the Vallies
fray.

III.

Yet I in Storms of adverse Fortune tost,
Distrest like those in Love am almost lost ;
Oh ! when will Time a friendly Succour bring,
When shall I know a comfortable Spring ?
When shall my harrafs'd weather-beaten Breast,
(By Crosses now successively oppress'd)
Find Peace, and Ease, and kind returning Rest ?
Oh ! when a bless'd succeeding Season find
To this hard Winter of my anxious Mind,
My Fate so cruel, and my Fair unkind.

On the DAY of JUDGMENT.

NOW is the last and awful Morning sprung,
 Nature's grand Period, the last Stage of Time,
 And great decisive Hour. The *Sun* looks feint,
 And journeys slowly thro' the dusky Skies
 With ineffectual Beams: The vagrant *Moon*,
 With sanguine Disk, feels sympathetick Pains,
 And trembling hovers in the wide Expanse.
 The *Earth* no longer in her Orbit rolls,
 Nor on her Centre turns, conscious that now
 Her fated Hour of Diffolution comes.
 When lo! a radiant Cloud befring'd with Gold,
 Bright'ning the eastern Heav'ns-ascending Tow'rs,
 In glorious Process up the vaulted Skies;
 And in the Midst a *Throne* erected shines,
 Where sits in State ineffable, THE JUDGE
 OF HEAV'N AND EARTH TREMENDOUS, circled
 round
 With thousand thousand Saints and Angels pure;
 An Host innumerable! in the Front,

The

The great *Archangel* founds his dreadful Trump,
 Which rends the passive Air, and shakes the Hills.
 Now hear the Noise of rattling Bones, disjoin'd
 By Chance or by Design ; and carry'd far
 To distant Climes, unite ; each to it's Part
 Assign'd. The Dead all rise, but those in CHRIST
 Rise first, and led by Heav'nly Guides ascend
 The subtle Azure : Now I see them stand
 At awful Distance from the Seat of GOD,
 In humble Confidence : Their Saviour looks
 With Countenance serene, bespeaking Love
 And Grace unmerited, yet infinite,
 This final Sentence passes on the Blest :
 Elect of GOD, and Brethren of the LAMB,
 Well have you fought the Fight of Faith, receive
 From me your just Reward : (the *Heav'nly Host*
 With loud Acclaim repeat the joyful Sound,
 The SAVIOUR then resumes :) All these my *Saints*
 With me shall thro' eternal Ages live
 In blest Fruition, in the Realms of Light.

Now

Now what remains for those self-ruin'd Tribes,
But Wrath and Vengeance from an angry God !

He spake—that Instant vivid Flames of Fire
Dart from his Eyes : Oh miserable Sight !
Oh dreadful Scene ! the guilty Wretches shake
With Horror and Despair ; their ghastly Looks
Express the *Hell* they feel within, Remorse,
And Guilt, and Fear, glare in their Visages :
These tear their Flesh, and curse, the boding Sound
That wak'd their sleeping Dust ; those sue for Peace,
And Mercy too too long despis'd ; while yon
With dreadful Perturbation writhe their Limbs
In Shapes distorted, and with hideous Cries,
Call out for Shelter of some friendly Rock.
And now the JUDGE with Indignation dire,
Proclaims th' irrevocable Doom. Depart,
Ye *Curs'd* into *eternal Fire*, prepar'd
For *vicious Spirits*. The Sentence scarce pronounc'd,
The ready *Fiends* the shudd'ring Wretches seize,
And drag them thro' the Air ; what horrid Shrieks
Enfue ?

Enfue? And now the general Blaze begins,
 The Elements dissolve, whilst Hell gapes wide,
 A monstrous Chasm, and the immortal Damn'd,
 Fall Millions of Fathoms down thro' liquid Flames,
 Until they light on solid Flakes of Fire,
 There fix'd remain, and never can expire.

*On the DEATH of WILLIAM OWEN, of
 Presaddved, Esq; by the Revd. Mr. ———
 then an Under-Graduate of Jesus-College,
 Oxford.*

ACCEPT, lamented *Shade*, the mournful Lays,
 That Gratitude inspires, and Duty pays.
 Whether, dear Soul, with Love seraphic blest,
 Eternal Anthems kindle in thy Breast;
 Or carry'd in Meanders round the Ball,
 Thou chearful wait'st the last and solemn Call;
 Pleas'd thro' th' expanded Universe to find
 Unnumber'd Objects crowd upon thy Mind;
 The lab'ring Muse with Eyes propitious view,
 In humble Rhyme thy airy Flights pursue;

Pay her last Tribute on thy sacred Herse,
Sink as she soars, and sigh out ev'ry Verse.

O dearest Youth, thy lovely Form I find
Still fresh in View, still rising in my Mind ;
Whom shall I see so gen'rous to befriend,
Proud to oblige, and eager to commend ;
Pleas'd to forgive, and bounteous to dispense,
Calm without Spleen, and free without Offence ?
To whom the plaintive Muse discharge her Woes,
To whom the Labours of her Soul disclose ;
To whom address her Wants, in whom confide,
Urg'd to receive, and begg'd to be supply'd ?
O *short-liv'd Bliss* ! disconsolate I see
The best of Friends for ever end in thee.

Cherish'd by thy serene, enliv'ning Rays,
Sweet were the Labours of my youthful Days ;
I found each Moment teem with fresh Delight,
And all my Cares look'd chearful in thy Sight.

So when the *Sun* his friendly Beams displays,
And sheds on nether Worlds his genial Rays ;

The

The op'ning Blossoms, innocently gay,
 Unfold their Glories in the Face of Day :
 But when that radiant Orb withdraws his Shine,
 They close their Bosoms, languish and repine.

Where shall I see such blended Virtues meet,
 Such ripen'd Sense with sprightly Youth unite ;
 Such rigid Truth, such Eagerness to please,
 Such steady Temper join'd with so much Ease ;
 Such plenteous Fortune, such an humble Mind,
 In one continu'd Harmony combin'd ?

Whilst others rend the blooming Scenes of Age,
 And flame with Party-Heats and headlong Rage,
 Calm hast thou liv'd, to studious Ease consign'd ;
 In Friendship zealous, as in Love refin'd.

Methinks I see thee, with angelic Air,
 Pour out the Breathings of thy Soul in Pray'r ;
 Triumph o'er Youth, and Saint-like soar above,
 Wrapt in Devotion and exalted Love ;
 Catch at th' approaching Bliss with braving Eyes,
 Storm vanquish'd *Heav'n*, and gain upon the *Skies*.

So, when the *Eaglet* his soft Wings displays,
 He tow'rs aloft, and sucks the kindling Rays ;
 Feels growing Vigour thro' his Vitals run,
 Springs into Clouds, and bears upon the Sun.

Forlorn on *Iffs'* lovely Banks I stray,
 And big with Grief thy fading Steps survey.
 I seem to see thee on it's Banks reclin'd,
 Revolve the Chain of Beings in thy Mind ;
 Bid thy brisk Soul the wide Creation run,
 Clear as the Day, and active as the Sun :
 The Soul that now on Wings immortal soars,
 With nearer Views Infinitude explores ;
 Derides the gross, presumptuous Thoughts of Man,
 And finds his Knowledge, as his Days, a Span.

HEAV'N, trust no more such great, such shining
 Good,
 To a frail, tott'ring Cage of Flesh and Blood.
 Exalted Souls impatient wing away,
 And spurn at grov'ling Tenements of Clay.

Why

Why may they not to later Ages shine,
 Dwell longer our's, or be for ever thine ?
 Send not the choicest Blessings of thy Hand
 To bloom and fade, to bless and curse the Land.

ADIEU, *Immortal Youth* ! for ever blest,
 Receiv'd by *Myriads* to eternal Rest.
 Whilst thou melodious fill'st the *sacred Choir*,
 And greet'st with awful Love thy smiling *Sire* ;
 Shed on thy *hapless Friend* auspicious Rays,
 Loath to forget, tho' impotent to praise ;
 That views with weeping Eyes thy mournful *Herse*,
 And pensive meditates this humble Verse —

ALAS ! here lies, confus'd with common Clay,
 The *Young*, the *Meek*, the *Prudent*, and the *Gay* :
 Once blest with all those Virtues here below,
 That ever *Youth* cou'd boast, or *Heav'n* itself bestow.

The PROSPECT.

HOW sweetly op'ning with the blushing Morn
Yon purple Clouds Earth's Canopy adorn !

The glorious *Sun* breaks forth to run his Race,
And paints with radiant Smiles all Nature's Face.

Hark ! from the feather'd Choir's harmonious
Throats,

How all around soft-ecchoing Musick floats.

But, lest the Transport too aspiring rise,

The singing *Lark* employs the Ears and Eyes,

The waving Corn now greets the ravish'd Sight,

Wand'ring o'er fertile Fields with fresh Delight,

Thro' verdant Vallies, Groves, and flow'ry Meads,

Now following where the winding Current leads ;

Whether with rapid Streams the Banks it chides,

Or gently flowing, smooth and silent glides ;

In wide Expanse, or narrow'd thro' the Trees,

It's silver Surface ruffled with the Breeze ;

Which, rising from the West, on fragrant Wings,
 From Herbs and Flow'rs refreshing Odours brings.
 Th' enamell'd Grounds, which rise in Circuit wide,
 Present their teeming Banks in sunny Pride.

Beyond the Hill where that thick Forest grows,
 One more aspiring bends it's awful Brows.

*Midst shady Woods some lofty Buildings stand,
 Some from the sloping Lawns a View command ;
 Where num'rous Flocks and Herds, or grazing

stray,

Or fill'd, repose, or wanton skip and play.

Farms, Villages, and Seats, lie scatter'd round,
 With Orchards, Groves, or Parks, or Garden
 crown'd.

The Sound of Bell from some high Steeple swings
 With solemn Musick Hill and Valley rings :

The Fancy seeks them, trav'ling o'er the Plain,
 Lost in Pursuit, yet not pursues in vain :

For there another Prospect far extends,
 Doubtful, if Sea, or Sky the Landskip ends :

But gath'ring Clouds o'ershade the darken'd Plain,
 And whistling Winds foretel impending Rain;
 The *Sun* withdraws it's Beams; thro' clouded *Skies*
 Darted oblique the pointed *Light'ning* flies;
 To pious Awe awak'ning hardiest *Souls*,
 Succeeding ev'ry *Flash*, loud *Thunder* rolls.
 Then falls impetuous, rattling Hail, or Rain,
 Whit'ning the Hills, or flowing thro' the Plain.
 The Storms abate in milder sprinkling Show'rs,
 The Clouds disperse, the *Sky* no longer low'rs:
 High in the azure Vault with peaceful Show,
 Is turn'd the Arch of *Iris*' painted Bow:
 The glitt'ring *Sun* darts down th' enlivening Ray,
 Reviving Nature with returning Day;
 Whose Face, like Widows, after Tears, more bright,
 Smiles, by reflected Beams with double Light.

An HYMN to GOD the FATHER.

I.

HAIL, FATHER, whose creating Call,
Unnumber'd Worlds attend ;

JEHOVAH ! comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.

II.

In Light unfearchable enthron'd,
Which *Angels* dimly see,
The *Fountain* of the GODHEAD own'd,
And foremost of the Three.

III.

From whom, thro' an eternal Now,
The SON thy Offspring flow'd ;
And everlasting FATHER Thou,
As everlasting God.

IV.

Nor quite display'd to *Worlds* above,

Nor quite on *Earth* conceal'd :

By wond'rous, unexhausted Love,

To mortal Man reveal'd.

V.

Supreme and all-sufficient God,

When Nature shall expire ;

When *Worlds*, created by thy Nod,

Shall perish by thy Fire.

VI.

Thy Name, JEHOVAH, be ador'd

By Creatures without End ;

Whom none but Thy essential Word

And Spirit comprehend.

The RETIRED PATRIOT.

ENOUGH to Glory and his Country giv'n,

The pious *Hero* now aspires to *Heav'n* ;

Quits th' eternal Round of Noise and Care,
 And bids his Soul for calmer Joys prepare.
 A second *Scipio* he from State retires;
 His Breast the Love of simple Nature fires.
Triumphant Greatness! more illustrious far
 Than all the Glories of victorious War.
 There the proud Mad-man boasts in hostile Blood,
 But here the peaceful Victor seeks his God;
 Asserts imperial Reason's noble Sway,
 And teaches rebel Passions to obey;
Lord of himself, each Night the sage can say,
 Repose, my Soul, for I have liv'd to Day.
 Serene and calm amidst the Storms of Fate,
 He bids his Thoughts on God and *Nature* wait;
 The beauteous Face of smiling Earth surveys,
 And, wrapt in Wonder, sings his Maker's Praise.
 Each verdant Plant, each fragrant Herb that grows,
 The great *JEHOVAH's* forming Wisdom shews:
 How each bright Stem it's Species will produce,
 Each Vein, each Fibre has it's proper Use;

How the male Plant impregns the softer Kind,
 And their joint Beauties in the Sons we find.
 JEHOVAH hung the radiant Orbs on high,
 Pois'd the brute *Earth* in *Air*, and arch'd the *Sky*.
 JEHOVAH gave the *Sun* his piercing Ray
 To glad dull Mortals, and to rule the Day;
 To call each secret Seed from Nature's Womb,
 Mature the Birth, and swell the fragrant Bloom.
 JEHOVAH lent the *Moon* her paler Light,
 To chear the darkling Horrors of the Night:
 The *magic Queen* asserts her Sway below,
 And makes reluctant Waters ebb and flow.
 JEHOVAH paints the Plains with various Hue,
 Scoops the low Vale, exalts the Hill to View,
 And bids the purling Stream it's winding Course
 pursue.

SAPPHO *Imitated.*

MORE than Mortals blest is he,
 That sighs, and looks, and sits by thee,

And hears thy Voice so softly sweet,
 Breathing Rapture, breathing Wit ;
 And sees the dimpl'd Smiles that break
 Round thy soft withdrawing Cheek ;
 Whilst on him thou roll'st thy Eyes,
 And enjoy'st his tender Sighs :
 Do the *Gods*, in all their Blifs,
 Taste an Happiness like this ?

For me no sooner I descry
 The least Sparkle of thine Eye,
 But thro' my Veins a tingling Flame
 Thrills, and runs thro' all my Frame,
 While my floating Senses rove
 In Dream of Blifs, and Trance of Love,
 In vain my fault'ring Tongue I try,
 The Accents half come forth and die,
 I hear no more, no more I see,
 Impassion'd all, and all is thee !
 I shiver now, and now I sweat,
 My Pulse is high, my Heart on fret ;

Then

Then panting pale, and breathless lying,
 Trembling, fainting, swooning, dying,
 My Pulse is stop'd, my Spirits fail;
 And Life does in a Sigh exhale.

The LOVER'S DREAM.

Decipimur specie recti.

HOR.

SOMNUS, thou *God* of the lethargic Pow'r,
 Thou sweet O'erseer of the softer Hour,
 Who only can a speedy Ease impart
 To the tormented Lover's panting Heart;
 Who rest allows the Statesman's working Brain,
 His Mind refreshes of it's worldly Pain.
 Since then to thee all Creatures owe their Ease,
 With Sleep to nourish, and with Dreams to please;
 Afford an Hour to him whom Love invades,
 Lull him to Rest, then throw him into Shades,
 With Swains there sporting, and with lovely Maids.

Somnus

Somnus attentive to a Lover's Pray'r,
 Beguil'd my Sorrows, and compos'd my Care;
 A balmy Slumber seiz'd my restless Eyes;
 And a kind Dream thus fill'd me with Surprise:
 Methought I wander'd over flow'ry Hills,

By Streams of Waters, and by tinkling Rills;
 Thro' shady Groves, o'er verdant, mossy Fields,
 And all the sweet Retreats that Nature yields.

With Prospects pleas'd, with rambling somewhat
 tir'd,

Ravish'd with Thoughts, and with a Passion fir'd,

My Mind still wanted what my Heart desir'd.

Restless, I wander'd, till, by Chance, was led

Near a great Oak, whose venerable Head

Itself uprear'd, and all beneath o'erspread;

Near that a Stream, famous since Times of Old,

O'er Rocks there hasten'd, and in Torrents roll'd;

Foaming with Rage, and with impetuous Sway,

Falls in it's Course, and thunders in it's Way:

Nigh a steep Brink the tim'rous Deer you see,

Seeming to fear the Huntsman's Treachery.

Here down I lay my weary Limbs to ease,

With Waters, Murmurs, and with Thoughts to
please.

Lo, to my View, my Goddess did appear,

Array'd in White, and innocently fair;

Her Looks serene, all Beauty and Desire,

Her Eyes so languishing, so fill'd with Fire,

All Nature seem'd surpriz'd, the trembling Deer

admire.

She sigh'd and smil'd, confess'd I soon shou'd find

Her Love was faithful, and her Passion kind;

The Pain so long I felt she soon wou'd cure,

And with a Kiss wou'd make her Love secure:

Such Extasy of Joy then seiz'd my Heart,

I rose to kiss her, but a sudden Start

Awak'd my Senses, all those Joys depart.

Too soon, alas! I found it was a Dream,

She's still all Ice, and I all over Flame,

An EPIGRAM.

WHAT Legions of Fables, and whimsical
Tales,

Pass current for *Gospel*, where *Priesthood* prevails !
Our Ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd,
What Stories and Nonsense for Truth they believ'd !
But we, their wise Sons, who these Fables reject,
Ev'n Truth now-a-days are too apt to suspect :
From believing too much, the right Faith we let
fall,

So now we believe, — 'troth *nothing at all*.

The SICK LYON, and the Ass.

A LYON, sunk by Time's Decay,
Too feeble grown to hunt his Prey,
Observ'd his fatal Hour draw nigh,
He droop'd, and laid him down to die.
There came, by Chance, a *savage Boar*,
Who trembl'd oft' to hear him roar ;

But

But when he saw him thus distress'd,
He tore and gor'd his royal Breast.

A *Bull* came next, (ungen'rous Foe)
Rejoic'd to find him fall'n so low,
And with his horny-armed Head,
He aim'd at once to strike him dead ;
He strikes, he wounds, and shocks in vain,
The *Lyon* still conceals his Pain.

At length, a base, inglorious *Ass*,
Who saw so many Insults pass,
Came up, and kick'd him in the Side,
'Twas this that rais'd the *Lyon's* Pride.

He rous'd, and thus he spoke, at length :
(For Indignation gave him Strength)
Thou *sorry, stupid, sluggish Creature*,
Disgrace, and Shame, and Scorn of Nature !
You saw how well I cou'd dispence
With Blows, from Beasts of Consequence ;

They

They dignify'd the Wounds they gave,

For none complain who feel the Brave.

But You,—*the lowest of all Brutes,*

How ill your Face with Courage suits ;

What Dulness in thy Face appears,

Thy hanging Face, thy slouching Ears :

I rather far (by *Heav'n*, 'tis true)

Expire by them, than live—by You!

A Kick from thee is double Death!

I curse thee with my dying Breath.

The M O R A L.

Rebukes are easy from our Betters,

From Men of Quality and Letters ;

But when low Dunces will affront,

What Man alive can stand the Brunt.

To C H L O R I S.

*C*H L O R I S, your Rigour was to blame,

Your Ice hath quell'd, and quench'd my Flame :

Your

Your Anger hath my Heat allay'd,
 Your Scorn hath cur'd the Wounds your Beauty
 made :
 Your Pride hath eas'd me of my Pain,
 You've free'd a Captive by too strait a Chain.

An Imitation of BOETIUS.

WHEN *Phœbus* summons in the Day,
 And spreads around the Light ;
 The *Stars* in pallid Flames depart,
 Companions of the Night.

When *Zephyr* blows the placid Gale
 To vernal Flowers kind ;

The blushing Rose his Friendship owns,
 And opens to the Wind.

But if the furious *South Wind* roar,
 He Horror deals around ;

The Flowers, torn up by the Roots,
 Lie scatter'd on the Ground.

Oft' the smooth *Sea* in gentle Tides,
 Seems wantonly to play ;
 The painted *Ship* securely rides,
 And makes the Prospect gay.

Oft', by a sudden Storm of Wind,
 The *Main's* in Fury tost ;
 The Prospect's chang'd, no Ships you see,
 For *Men* and *Ships* are lost.

By these Examples, Men, be warn'd,
 Nor trust to Fortune's Guiles ;
 By Nature all are prone to change,
 And Frowns succeed to Smiles.

VERSES *presented to her Royal Highness the*
Princess AMELIA, in her Way to Bath,
 1728.

AS the fond Mother sends her eager Eyes
 O'er Rocks and Seas, and o'er the boundless Skies ;
 Sheds

Sheds many a Tear, and breaths forth many a

Pray'r,

Then leaves the Infant to th' *Almighty's* Care ;

Who rules the Storms, who high in *Heav'n* pre-

fides,

Whose Eye o'ersees us, and whose Wisdom guides :

So we with ardent Vows his Power implore

To calm our Sorrows, and thy Health restore.

May the kind Stream a second Life impart,

Warmth to thy Cheeks, and Spirit to thy Heart ;

May *gracious Heav'n* to these our Pray'rs attend,

And *Angels* on the healing Springs descend.

The CXXXIXth PSALM paraphrased.

OH DREAD JEHOVAH ! thy all piercing Eyes
Explore the Motions of this mortal Frame,
This Tenement of Dust. Thy stretching Sight
Surveys th' harmonious Principles, that move

In beauteous Rank and Order, to inform
 This Cask, and animated Mass of Clay.
 Nor are the Prospects of thy wond'rous Sight
 To this terrestrial Part of Man confin'd ;
 But shoot into his Soul, and there discern
 The first Materials of unfathom'd Thought,
 Yet dim and undigested till the Mind,
 Big with the tender Images, expands,
 And swelling labours with th' ideal Birth.
 Where'er I move, thy Cares pursue my Feet
 Attendant, when I drink the Dews of Sleep,
 Stretch'd on my downy Bed, and there enjoy
 A sweet Forgetfulness of all my Toils,
 Unseen, thy sov'reign Presence guards my Sleep,
 Wafts all the Terrors of my Dreams away,
 Soothes all my Soul, and softens my Repose.

Before Conception can employ the Tongue ;
 And mould the ductile Images to sound,
 Before Imagination stands display'd,
 Thine Eye the future Eloquence can read,

Yet unarray'd with Speech. THOU MIGHTY LORD!
 Has moulded Man from his congenial Dust,
 And spoke him into Being ; while the Clay
 Beneath thy forming Hand, leap'd forth, inspir'd,
 And started into Life : Thro' ev'ry Part,
 At thy Command, the Wheels of Motion play'd.

But such exalted Knowledge leaves below,
 And drops poor Man from it's superior Sphere.
 In vain with Reason's Ballast would he try
 To stem th' unfathomable Depth ; his Bark
 O'ersets and founders in the vast *Abyss*.

Then whither shall the rapid Fancy run,
 Tho' in it's full Career, to speed my Flight
 From thy unbounded Prefence ? Which, alone,
 Fills all the Regions, and extended Space
 Beyond the Bounds of Nature ! whither, LORD,
 Shall my unrein'd Imagination rove,
 To leave behind thy *Spirit*, and outfly
 It's Influence, which, with brooding Wings, out-
 spread,

Hatch'd unfledg'd Nature from the dark Profound?
 If mounted on my tow'ring Thoughts, I climb
 Into the *Heav'n* of *Heav'ns*; I there behold
 The Blaze of thy unclouded *Majesty*!
 In the *Empyrean*, thee, I view,
 High thron'd, above all Height, thy radiant Shrine,
 Throng'd with the prostrate *Seraphs*, who receive
 Beatitude past Utterance! if I plunge
 Down to the *gloomy Mansions of the Damn'd*,
 I find thee there, and read thee in the Scenes
 Of complicated Wrath: I see thee clad
 In all the *Majesty* of Darkness there.

If on the ruddy Morning's purple Wings
 Upborn, with indefatigable Course,
 I seek the glowing Borders of the East,
 Where the bright *Sun*, emergent from the Deeps,
 With his first Glories gilds the sparkling Seas,
 And trembles o'er the Waves; ev'n there thy Hand
 Shall, thro' the wat'ry Desert, guide thy Course,
 And o'er the broken Surges pave thy Way,

While

While on the dreadful Whirls I hang secure,
 And mock the warring Ocean. If, with Hopes,
 As fond as false, the Darkness I expect
 To hide, and wrap me in it's mantling Shade,
 Vain were the Thought; for thy unbounded Ken
 Darts thro' the thick'ning Gloom, and pries thro' all
 The palpable Obscure. Before thy Eyes,
 The vanquish'd Night throws off her dusky Shroud,
 And kindles into Day: The Shade and Light
 To Man still various, but the same to thee.

On thee is all the Structure of my Frame
 Dependent, lock'd within the silent Womb,
 Sleeping I lay, and rip'ning to my Birth:
 Yet, LORD! thy outstretch'd Arm preserv'd me
 there,
 Before I mov'd to Entity, and trod
 The Verge of Being. To thy hallow'd Name
 I'll pay due Honours: For thy mighty Hand
 Built this corporeal Fabric, when it laid

The Ground-work of Existence. Hence I read
 The Wonders of thy Art. This Frame I view
 With Terror and Delight, and wrapt in both,
 I startle at myself. My Bones, unform'd
 As yet, nor hard'ning from the viscous Parts,
 But blended with th' unanimated Mass,
 Thy Eye distinctly view'd, and while I lay
 Within the Earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
 The first faint Dawn of Life, with Ease survey'd
 The vital Glimm'rings of the active Seed
 Just kindling to Existence, and beheld
 My Substance scarce material. In thy Book
 Was the fair Model of this Structure drawn,
 Where ev'ry Part in just Connection join'd,
 Compos'd, and perfected th' harmonious Piece,
 E'er the dim Speck of being learn'd to stretch
 It's ductile Form, or Entity had known
 To range and wanton in an ample Space.

How dear, how rooted in my inmost Soul,
 Are all thy Counsels, and the various Ways

Of thy *eternal Providence!* the *Sun*,
 So boundless and immense, it leaves behind
 The low Account of Numbers, and outflies
 All that Imagination e'er conceiv'd!
 Less num'rous all the Sands that croud the Shores,
 The Barrier of the *Ocean*. When I rise
 From my soft Bed, and softer Joys of Sleep,
 I rise to thee. Yet lo! the *Impious* flight
 Thy mighty Wonders. Shall the *Sons of Vice*
 Elude the Vengeance of thy wrathful Hand,
 And mock thy ling'ring *Thunder*, which with-holds
 It's forked Terrors from their guilty Heads?
 Thou great TREMENDOUS GOD! avaunt, and fly
 All ye, who thirst for Blood—for, swoln with Pride,
 Each haughty Wretch blasphemes thy sacred Name,
 And bellows his Reproaches, to affront
 Thy glorious Majesty. Thy Foes I hate
 Worse than my own; oh LORD! explore my Soul,
 See if a Flaw or Stain of Sin infects
 My guilty Thoughts. Then lead me in the Way
 That guides my Feet to thy own Heav'n and thee.

*A POEM, occasioned by seeing extempore Verses
by several Hands, on parting with Mr. B——,
at G——.*

WITH ardent Wish, and Heart sincere,
To th' *Delian* God I made my Pray'r,
To shed his Influence o'er my Lays,
While I shou'd sing the *Landlord's* Praise.

What Impudence, the God reply'd,
Still to persist when I've deny'd ;
How oft' did you my Aid implore
To sing the Praises of *Donora* ;
Where Prospects wonderfully vie,
Fancy to raise or charm the Eye,
Where ev'ry Beauty, ev'ry Grace
Unite to form * *Galivia's* Face ;
In whom the Virtues all combin'd,
Shew innate Worth, and gen'rous Mind.

Remember

* *Mrs. Nugent, of Donora.*

Remember your Attempt in Metre,
 To celebrate the Birth of * *Peter*,
 And tho' I have deny'd my Aid
 To ev'ry rash Attempt you've made;
 Yet now you want Assistance giv'n,
 To sing the Praises of *Glassnev'n*:
 But know his noble Soul disdains
 Such Thanks, as flow from your dull Strains.
 Acknowledge, that your mean Abilities,
 Want Words t' express his great Civilities;
 That you've no Merit to deserve 'em,
 But only wish that you cou'd serve him:
 And hope, as *Christmas* now is near,
 To be Partaker of his Cheer,
 And drink his Health in *Bristol Beer*.
 Attempt no more in your vile Song,
 To you such Essays don't belong.

The

The FOLLY of ATHEISM.

HOW weak the *Atheist's* Arguments, how odd,
Who to be happy first denies a God :

Then, with too little Faith Truth to believe,
Can shew too much an Error to conceive ;

So inconsistent, and his Folly such,

He trusts too little, while he trusts too much.

A *Foe* profess'd to GOD ALMIGHTY's Laws,

Yet a blind *Bigot* in the *Devil's* Cause.

He, free from thinking, hopes to gain some Light,

Thinks free on ev'ry Subject, but the right ;

A Hint there is a God, raises a Doubt,

And Prejudice puts weaker Reason out :

Of Reason proud, by Passion rul'd alone,

Because he'd have no God, concludes there's none.

Thinks Chance with blind Effect nice Order brings,

And Harmony from wild Confusion springs ;

Springs of itself — for all spontaneous grow,

And the *created* are *Creators* too :

Then

Then *Immortality* he'll disbelieve,
 Yet starts to think he cannot always live ;
 Dreading it true, a future State denies,
 And while he laughs at *Death*, with *Fear* he dies ;
 Despairing, launches to some future State,
 Repents his Folly, but repents too late.

To Mrs. B——, with a Prayer-Book.

THE greatest Comfort, and the greatest Bliss,
 Is to have Children ne'er to do amiss ;
 You're blest in your's, then give me leave to send
 To one of them this Present, as a Friend ;
 The Gift, tho' small, may Happiness maintain,
 'Tis better not to live, than live in vain.

The Seventh Ode of ANACREON.

LOVE, arm'd with hyacinthine Wand,
 To me reluctant gave Command,

With

With him unequal Race to try,
 As thro' swift Streams, thro' Woods we fly.
 O'er craggy Hills and Vales profound;
 A lurking Viper fix'd a Wound.
 My Soul on Wing affrighted rose,
 And flutter'd at my Mouth and Nose;
 I'd surely dy'd upon the Place,
 But fanning with soft Wings my Face,
 Love cry'd, Since now my Pow'r you prove,
 Dare you still say, you cannot love.

*By a GENTLEMAN, on his Recovery from a
 Fever.*

I.

AT Midnight, when the *Fever* rag'd,
 (By *Physic's* Art still unassuag'd)

And tortur'd me with Pain :

When most it scorch'd, my aching Head,
 Like sulph'rous Fire, or liquid Lead,

And hiss'd thro' ev'ry Vein.

With

II.

With silent Steps approaching nigh,
Pale Death stood trembling in my Eye,

And shook th' uplifted Dart :
My Mind did various Thoughts debate
Of this, and of an after State,
Which terrify'd my Heart.

III.

I thought 'twas hard, in youthful Age,
To quit this fine delightful Stage,
No more to view the Day ;
Nor e'er again the Night to spend
In social Converse with a Friend,
Ingenious, learn'd, and gay.

IV.

No more in curious Books to read
The Wisdom of th' illustrious Dead ;
All that is dear to leave,
Relations, Friends, and Mira too,
Without one Kiss, one dear Adieu,
To moulder in the Grave.

Incircled

V.

Incircled with congenial Clay,
To Worms and creeping Things a Prey,
To waste, dissolve, and rot ;
To lie wrapp'd cold within a Shroud,
Mingled amongst the vilest Crowd,
Unnoted, and forgot.

VI.

Oh *Horror* ! by this Train of Thought,
My Mind was to Distraction brought,
Impossible to tell :
The *Fever* rag'd still more without,
Whilst *dark Despair*, and *dismal Doubt*,
Made all within me *Hell*.

VII.

At length with grave, yet chearful Air,
Repentance came, serenely fair,
As Summer's Evening *Sun* :
At Sight of whom extatic Joy,
Did all that horrid Scene destroy,
And every Fear was gone.

VIII.

If join'd in Concert with one Voice,

Angels at such a Change rejoice ;

I heard their Joy express'd.

If there be *Music* in the *Spheres*,

That *Music* struck my ravish'd *Ears*,

And charm'd my *Soul* to rest.

From Q. CATULLUS.

MY Heart has play'd me Slip to-Day,

And't strangely fills my Head,

That, as 'tis us'd to run away,

'Tis to *Belinda* fled.

Yes, he is fled, my Wanderer,

Of Beauty's Fort possesst,

Perhaps now chides my idle Care

From her relenting Breast.

But

But what if I in Charge shou'd give

Her not to entertain,

But rate my wanton Fugitive,

And send him Home again ?

Wou'd she her Captive thus forego,

And lose my little Sinner ;

And not expect a Kiss or two

For so much Grace, should win her ?

But then if she myself shou'd nooze !

And there is Room to fear :

To stay or go is hard to chuse,

Venus, your Counsel here !

A S O N G.

SO the long-absent Winter Sun,

When of the Cold we most complain,

Comes slow, but swift away does run,

Just shews the Day, and sets again.

So the prime Beauty of the Spring,

The Virgin Lilly charms our Eyes ;

No sooner blown, but the gay Thing

Steals from th' Admirer's Sight, and dies.

The gaudy Sweet o' th' infant Year,

That ravish both the Smell and View,

Do thus deceitfully appear,

And fade as soon as smelt unto.

Belinda, tho' she be more fair,

Than untouch'd Lillies, chaste as those ;

Welcome as Suns in Winter are,

And sweeter than the blowing Rose.

Yet when she brought, as late she did,

All that a dying Heart cou'd raise,

And by her swift Return forbid,

The Joys to last, she's too like these.

Ah! *Tyrant Beauty* ! do you thus

Increase our Joys to make 'em less ?

And do you only shew to us

An *Heav'n*, without Design to bless ?

This was unmercifully kind,

And all our Blifs too dear has cost,

For is it not an *Hell* to find,

We had a *Paradise* that's lost.

To an IMPERIOUS BEAUTY.

Nimium ne crede colori.

TO paint the various Charms of various Fair,
To trace their Movements, Features, Shape, and

Air,

The variegated Beauties to define,

And make the Scene in proper Lustre shine :

To gen'ral Pens, such gen'ral Themes belong,

I sing to One, O *Judge* ! approve my Song.

Soft flow the Lines, that so much Softness greet,
 Sweet be the Numbers, as the Subject's sweet.
 And you, *indulgent Maid*, my Lay attend !
 Forgive the mild Instructor in the Friend ;
 Who gently as your Charms he sets in View,
 Must touch your little Imperfections too ;
 Your Blemishes, like Spots, in Beds of Snow,
 Circl'd with Whiteness, more conspicuous grow.

Oft' I've beheld the beauteous op'ning Flow'r,
 (It's Sweets enamell'd by the genial Show'r)
 It's blushing Folds in all it's Pride display,
 And all it's painted Leaves unfurl to *May* ;
 In finish'd Glory raise it's lovely Head,
 Charms emblematick of the lovely Maid.
 So you, by Nature's Hand completely form'd,
 With all it's Power to give Perfection arm'd.
 With all it's blended Symmetry complete,
 In all the Pride of finish'd Lustre great ;
 More num'rous Sweets ten thousand Ways disclose,
 Ten thousand Beauties, ev'ry Beauty shews ;

Myriads of Charms in ev'ry Charm appear,
 And still more Myriads undiscover'd are :
 So Glaffes multiply reflected Things,
 So here Perfection from Perfection springs.

Thus fully finish'd (oh forgive my Care,
 Forgive th' instructing Friend, my fav'rite Fair) .
 What envious *Fiend* ? Or, was't some *God* more
 kind ?

(Th' Ills foreseen to human Race design'd)
 In Pity to prevent th'impending Fate,
 (What mighty Pains must such a Face create ?)
 And stop th' Effect of universal Sway,
 Join'd to so fine a Face, so dire Allay !
 How does that supercilious Air invade
 The Conquest, so much Beauty might have made ?
 How fatally does Pride those Charms destroy ?
 Against yourself, yourself you still employ.

So *Vipers* nourish in themselves their Fate,
 Destroy'd by what they did themselves create;
 So you, designing Ruin, Safety give,—
 Your *Eyes* can kill,—your *Pride* permits to live.

*The CURATE's PETITION to J—— B——,
 Esq; for a New Almanack.*

E'ER Lease expires, the prudent *Tenant*
 Acknowledges himself dependant,
 Engages Friends, that they may sue all
 The *Landlord* for a fresh Renewal.

Thus you, my *Landlord*, by whose Lease
 I count how ev'ry Year doth pass,
 Are likely not to find me mute,
 Except you grant my humble Suit;
 Your yearly Lease tells my Divinity,
 Each *Sunday's* Collect after *Trinity*;
 But tho' it now directs in *Advent*,
 Yet will not answer for next bad *Lent*.

When I'm engag'd to spend a boon Night,
 By it I'm told, when dark, when Moon Light,
 If minded to inspect a Fair,
 I know the Day by looking there :
 Deduction, thence, from my Prize-Ticket,
 With little Trouble I may pick it ;
 From Hundreds five, *per Cent.* take ten,
 That * *Watson* tells, without a Pen.

Oft' have I seen a Country Fellow,
 With drinking Whiskey quite grown mellow,
 Whose feeble Legs cou'd scarce support
 His Weight, from tumbling in the Dirt ;
 Yet he, forfooth, wou'd homeward ride,
 And trot, and nod, from Side to Side,
 Pickeer his Horse, and if he fell,
 Remount, and thought that he rode well,
 Drunk with Conceit, thus I pretend
 My incoherent Thoughts to send ;

And

And while I scarce can write plain Prose,

In Verse my Folly thus expose ;

Write Similes, and rhyming thus,

Think I cou'd ride on PEGASUS.

A RURAL ODE.

I.

WHEN *Aurora* gilds the Morning

With a sweet delightful Ray ;

Blooming Flow'rs the Fields adorning,

In the charming Month of *May*.

II.

Then how pleasant and contented,

Lives the lowly Country Clown

In the Valley, unfrequented

By the *Knaves* who crowd the Town.

III.

With

III.

With the early *Lark* awaking,
 He enjoys the chearful Day ;
 Labour ev'ry Hour partaking,
 Whistling Thought and Care away.

IV.

Nature all his Toil befriending,
 Of her Treasure he's possess'd ;
 Health and Peace his Life attending ;
 Is the *Monarch* half so blest ?

V.

Birds his list'ning Ear enchanting,
 Verdant Hills and Dales his Sight ;
 Nothing to his Sense is wanting,
 Which can give him true Delight.

VI.

Love, with *Innocence* combining,
 His unfettled Heart alarms ;
 Like the Flow'rs in Garlands twining,
 Sweetly various in it's Charms.

Happy

VII.

Happy Clown ! who thus possesses

Pleasure, unalloy'd with Strife :

Wisdom nothing more careffes

Than the humble Vale of Life.

VIII.

Riches *Knaves* delight in gaining,

Grandeur is by *Fools* admir'd :

All that wise Men wish obtaining,

Is to live and die retir'd.

On INFIDELITY.

WHEN *Infidelity* unmask'd appears,

Nor knows herself the ugly Form she wears ;

When *Sacred Writ* is made the Scoffer's Theme,

And Smartlings think it witty to blaspheme ;

When *Prophecies* are said to fail their Day,

And their Intent allegoriz'd away ;

When

When *Truth* is bully'd from her antient Seat,
 And *Miracles* resolv'd into a *Cheat* :
 What modest *Muse*, ev'n in *Apollo's* Spite,
 Wou'd not now pluck a Quill, and dare to write ?
 Oh ! cou'd I pierce like *Juvenal's* sharp Style,
 Or wound, like courtly *Horace* with a Smile ;
 Those modern Arts I wou'd expose to View,
 And shew what some degen'rate Minds pursue ;
 To pluck up all *Religion* by the Root,
 And level Man with the *unthinking Brute* ;
 To banish sacred *Virtue* from our Coast,
 And (their last Effort) kill *Astraea's* Ghost ;
 That lawless Power might authorize the Will,
 And glutton Appetite enjoy her Fill.
 Have not these Principles debauch'd the Land ?
 Have they not put a Sword in Murd'rer's Hand ?
 And sent Despair ! dire Harbinger ! before,
 To fool the Rich, and tyrannize the Poor ?
 Hence, Villainies of each Degree have flow'd,
 And ev'ry Day been kalendar'd with Blood ;

Thus

Thus ~~Y~~—s fell, thus fell the wretched Pair,
 That knew not their own sinless Babe to spare.
 And do the Authors of these Mischiefs live?
 Can Mercy, be it infinite, forgive?
 Forgive, it cannot, tho' a while it may,
 Forbear, and to Repentance grant a Day;
 Tho' patient *Justice* be a while implor'd,
 To stay the Fall of her uplifted Sword;
Vengeance will come, as sure as *Death* will come,
 And fix their sad unalterable Doom.
 To this we leave them, and, with Christian Care,
 Give the just Alms of Pity and of Pray'r;
 But let *Pope's* Numbers check these haughty Foes,
 Or *honest Hooker* in his nervous Prose.

On CONTENT.

SHINING Heaps of massy Plate,
 All the Gewgaws Men prefer,
 Gilded Roofs, and Beds of State,
 Cannot real Wealth confer,

The

The Man that's honest, wise, and brave,

In Body sound, in Spirit free,

If he possess what Nature crave,

Is, in Truth, as rich as he.

Join a *Wife* and *Boys* to this,

Whose infant Leapings shake the Floor,

Lord of so much solid Bliss,

Kings themselves to him were poor.

While Wealth abroad we seek to find,

Eager in Wish, in vain Intent,

The Treasure lies within our Mind,

And he's most *rich*, who's most *content*.

A R I D D L E.

FORC'D from my tender Parent's Side,

(Whose chief Support, and greatest Pride

In her united Offspring were,

Though none e'er liv'd with her a Year)

Torn

Torn from her e'er I cou'd complain,
 Or in fond Words exprefs my Pain :
 A filent Prifoner long I lay,
 And wept my Moisture all away ;
 Till Time, which brings to fome Relief,
 Brought new Additions to my Grief :
 The Steel muft needs correct each Feature,
 (Thus Fashion often alters Nature)
 My Body lopp'd in piteous Wife,
 Is now curtail'd to Half it's Size ;
 The Hairs too from my Head are torn,
 And, left thefe Torments might be born,
 I'm loaded with the Tyrant's Scorn. }
 He flit my Tongue, and in the Wound
 The blackeft Poison cou'd be found
 Infus'd : Then led me to thofe Fair,
 Whom Fate had plac'd beneath his Care ;
 That whenfoe'er I fpeak my Wrong,
 Or fpit the Venom of my Tongue,

It

It on their snowy Skins may light,
 (As my fond Mother's Bosom white)
 Till thus infected they become
 A Nuisance to the Tyrant's Home ;
 And therefore soon are banish'd hence,
 Some speedy Errand the Pretence ;
 And oft, too oft ! devoid of Shame,
 He sends them forth the public Theme ;
 Expos'd to Slander and Disgrace,
 Nor Mercy find they, nor ev'n Peace,
 Till newer Objects take their Place.

Yet happy them ! who thus are free,
 Whate'er their future Success be.
 And, wretched me ! doom'd to fulfil,
 While I subsist, the Tyrant's Will :
 My Hope and Comfort's this alone,
 That by these Marks we may be known.

*On a beautiful YOUNG LADY, that married a
Fool.*

WHEN mutual Souls to wed agree,
Wou'd Parents give Consent ;

How blest a State wou'd *Marriage* be !

How few the State repent !

But now corrupted is the State,

Behold each *wedded Pair* !

One takes the *Woman* that he hates,

Because he wants an *Heir*.

The Idol *Plutus* some behold,

With awful Eye alone ;

Wrap *Hymen's* nauseous Pill in *Gold*,

They'll gulp it glibly down.

By softer Duty some are led,

Ill-Nature prompts another ;

To please her Parent, *Mira* weds

Her *Spouse*, to vex his Mother.

Since

Since, lovely Bride, thy injur'd Soul,

So ill is doom'd to fix ;

Think — tho' thou'rt coupl'd to a Fool,

He keeps his *Coach* and *Six*.

Night dark and gloomy doth appear,

Till *Luna* deigns to shine ;

So may thy gloomy *Knight* grow clear,

Beneath thy Smiles divine.

COMPLAINT to DORINDA.

SINCE, my *Dorinda* ! first I saw your Eyes,

I feel, I know not what of soft Surprise

Play round my Heart, and gently move my Breast,

Till now unmov'd, unknowing ought but Rest.

I ne'er yet felt devouring Grief, or Care ;

Nor yet knew Discontent, Disdain, Despair !

No Passion yet my Bosom ever felt ;

I flew from Love, but now for Love I melt !

For

For, who can see your Form, so fair, so bright?
 Where all the Charms of hoarded Love unite;
 Who can behold the Beauties of your Face?
 Your lovely Eyes, your Lips, your ev'ry Grace,
 And, Hermit-like, be senseless at the Sight?
 Feel no Emotion, nor confess Delight?
 Oh none!—nor none can love *Dorinda* as I do!
 I sigh, I pine, I weep, I bleed for you!
 Then be not cruel, as your Form is fair,
 Nor scorn to listen to my gentle Pray'r:
 You've stole my Heart, my Soul, my All away,
 And o'er my Wishes bear unrivall'd Sway!
 And can you then your humblest Slave disdain?
 Still hear me Sigh, and let me sigh in vain?
 Behold the Conquest which your Eyes have made,
 Must I despair, and you deny your Aid?
 I know too well the Hopes, the Doubts, the Fears!
 I am no Stranger to a Lover's Cares!
 I wish unceasing, and unceasing pray!
 All Night am restless! Comfortless all Day!

Ease then my Pains, nor longer let me grieve ;
 Oh frown no more ! for by your Smiles I live.
 If not your Love, at least, your Pity's due !
 For all I know of Love I feel for you !
 Oh had I Art to touch *Derinda's* Soul,
 As you have Pow'r o'er thousands to controul !
 Soon wou'd I bend your uncomplying Heart,
 And make you wish for Joys, you will not now im-
 part !
 Then, then, intranc'd, we'd live a Life divine,
 I your's alone, as you wou'd all be mine !

*To the Revd. Mr. ——— on his drinking Sea-
 Water.*

METHINKS, dear *Tom*, I see thee stand demure
 Close by old *Ocean's* Side, with Arms erect,
 Gulping the Brine ; and, with gigantic Quaff,
 Pledge the proud Whale, and from ten thousand
 Springs
 Dilute the Hip, Concomitant unkind !

For

For thee, th'*Euphrates*, from her spicy Banks,
 Conveys her healing Stream : For thee the *Caspian*
 Philters his Balsam ; while the fragrant *Nile*
 Tinges with balmy Dew the greeting Seas,
 Conscious of thee ; whose tow'ring Pyramids
 Wou'd pride to lodge thy consecrated Urn.

For thee, the sage *Batavian*, from his Stern,
 With Face distorted, and convulsive Grin,
 Disgorges eastern Gums, in Bowels pent,
 And streaks the Surge with salutary Hue.

For thee, the *Thames*, impregnated with Steam
 Mercurial, wafts her complicated Dose
 From reeking Vaults, full copiously supply'd
 By Bums venereal, ruefully discharg'd
 By *Ward's* mysterious Drop, or magic Pill.

ALBION to IERNE, 1745.

SISTER, you often have complain'd,
That your Wealth by me was drain'd ;
Those Wailings now, at length, give o'er,
When STANHOPE treads upon thy Shore.

To the true Genius, rich and rare,
What earthly Treasure can compare ?
Then think from me what Wealth you gain,
'Tis *Albion* that thou'd now complain.

As in my *Senate* he arose,
Successful o'er my venal Foes,
Where he so well sustain'd my Part
With ev'ry *Greek* and *Roman Art* ;
So in thy Cause, as erst in mine,
The *Patriot Genius* now shall shine.

Then from thy Griefs thy Soul unbend,
Henceforth my STANHOPE is thy *Friend* ;
Yet shall I not at this repine,
His Zeal for me has made him thine.

IERNE'S

IERNE's Answer to ALBION.

SISTER, I sometimes have complain'd,
 That all my Wealth by you is drain'd,
 And you, as elder Sisters do,
 Have only flounc'd, and look'd askew ;
 But, if you with my Children fed,
 Your Sons shou'd not eat all the Bread.

You bid me now repine no more,
 For STANHOPE treads upon my Shore,
 Is he a *God* to sink or save ?
 Or must I act the fawning Slave ?
 He lands, and straight you Incense bring,
 But I must see before I sing.
 You praise his Voice in *Senates* heard,
 I think the more he's to be fear'd,
 Your *Roman* and your *Grecian* Arts,
 Are oft but Snares to catch our Hearts.
 I know his Genius shone from far,
 Perhaps 'tis but a radiant Star.

And what are Stars to hungry Swains?

'Tis solar Heat rewards their Pains.

The *Patriot Spirit* all revere,

But how will that affect us here?

A *Serjeant* lov'd by all his Corps,

When once a *Colonel's* lov'd no more.

But if your CHESTERFIELD appears,

Resolv'd to dry *Hibernia's* Tears;

Not merely sent to ride in State,

To scheme a Tax, or give a Treat,

But gently to unbind our Hands,

Or bid us trade to foreign Lands;

To put *Hibernian Garments* on,

And bid *French Fopperies* begone.

To make our fainting Artists smile,

And live the Guardian of our Isle:

STANHOPE must do, what few have done,

Must make our sep'rate Interest one.

Then shall my Harp, and Bards in Choir,

Sing CHESTERFIELD, the Land's Desire.

HOR.

HOR. Book III. Ode XV.

FOR Shame, leave off thy am'rous Trade,

Nor strive to prove a second Maid ;

Not Patch, nor Paint, nor all your Arts,

Can captivate the Youngsters Hearts :

Then why do you sigh, or wish it dark,

Frequent the Play-House, and the Park ;

Or, with your wither'd Cheeks, appear,

Amongst so many Moons a Star ?

When *Chloris*, after all, you'll be

An old Coquet of threescore three.

Phillis indeed may take the Air,

Or to St. *James's* Shades repair ;

In her the blooming Graces shine,

And ev'ry Blush appears divine ;

Venus herself attends unseen,

Whene'er she trips it o'er the Green ;

Such Sports to youthful Nymphs belong,

And all the junior Choir become ;

But ah ! old Mother, fie on thee,
 Thou wither'd Wretch, of Sixty-three !
 To *Phillis* all these Sports resign,
 The Mall, the Park, the blushing Wine.
 Take Warning now, and reach no higher ;
 Go seek a Rug, and court the Fire,
 And cast aside the am'rous Lyre.

An ODE to BRITONS.

B *BRITONS*, once so fam'd in Story,
 From this Sleep of Dulness start !
 Warm'd with gen'rous Thirst of Glory,
 Rouze to Virtue ! — wake to Art !
 Let your Father's Fame invite ye !
 To those Paths they trod to Praise,
 Let their glorious Deeds delight ye !
 And just Emulation raise.

So,

So, by *Albion* still afforded,
 Shall successive Worthies rise ;
 Unto future Times recorded,
 Learned, pious, brave, and wise.

So shall Ages, still refining,
 Feel each Muse's sacred Fire ;
 And new *Saccharissas* shining,
 Future *Walters* shall inspire.

In Praise of VIRTUE.

BEGIN, my Muse, with kindly Lays,
 And tune thy Voice in Virtue's Praise ;
 Let all thy Numbers sweetly roll,
 To fill with *Virtue* ev'ry Soul :
Virtue ! the Darling of my Song,
Virtue ! to which alone belong,
 Such gentle, peaceful, happy Rest,
 As sooths dull Cares, and charms each Breast.

Virtue

Virtue has such a Shape and Mien,
 That, cou'd she by Mankind be seen,
 The guilty World wou'd cease t'adore
Damn'd Vice, and doat on her no more.
 No anxious Doubts, or painful Fears,
 No dire Distrusts, or wrecking Cares,
 Disturbs the happy female Heart,
 While *Virtue* guards, and takes her Part :
 'Tis that that makes them brightly shine,
 And renders all their Joys divine :
 'Tis constant *Virtue's* only charms,
 That crowns the conq'ring Hero's Arms ;
 And makes the tender Lover blest'd,
 When of fair *Virtue* he's possess'd.
 Bright *Virtue*, like a glorious Star,
 Exerts it's Lustre from afar ;
 And, with it's bright, conspicuous Rays,
 It's matchless Worth to all displays,
 And meets from all a just Regard,
 For *Virtue* is it's own Reward.

The ACME of CATULLUS imitated.

LIFE of my Life (gently his Head reclin'd
On *Acme's* Breast, that Emblem of her Mind):

Life of my Life, said *Thyrsis*, may I be
Thus ever blest, and ever thus with thee,
'Till envious Death finish our hasty Doom,
And gently lay us in one silent Tomb.

Satiety the Ignorant may preach,
I to frail Man will better Doctrine teach;

By fair Example to his Senses shew,
A Bliss that will not tire may be below.

In one chaste Woman, the ambitious Mind,
A tyral Joy of that above may find,
Sooth all his Sorrows, all his Joys enlarge;
The wise Creator's first Design and Charge.

Thou best-lov'd *Man*, the lovely *Fair* reply'd,
If e'er so blest I am to be thy *Bride*,
(And *Heav'n*, who knows the Heart, can witness
this,

On *Earth* I have no Wish of greater Bliss)

To

To recompence the Pain endur'd for me,
 The Aim and Burthen of my Soul shall be ;
 If e'er thy Will think fit to warp from mine,
 Mine I'll correct, in Hope to straiten thine.
 Thus soft and pliant our Desires shall meet,
 And Life's most bitter Cups be thus made sweet.
 My parting Soul shall thine await to fly
 To Mansions, Love prepar'd beyond the Sky.

HOR. Ode X. Lib. IV.

CRUEL as yet, and vain of ev'ry Charm,
 When Time thy Pride shall check, thy Power disarm,
 When fall those Locks that on thy Shoulders play,
 And all the Roses on thy Cheeks decay ;
 When that smooth Face the Tracks of Age shall
 wear,
 And thy Glafs shew another *Chloe* there ;
 Thou'lt say, ah ! why ne'er felt I Love before,
 Or now I love, why can I charm no more.

The WISH. To J— O—, E/q;

MAY Heav'n propitious fix my calm Retreat,
My humble Mansion nigh thy rural Seat;

In harmless Pastime, Innocence and Ease
To close the fleeting Scene of Life in Peace.

There free'd from Folly's insolent Caprice,
The Lures of Pleasure, and the Pills of Vice;

To be no more by airy Prospects fed,
By Malice wounded, or by Fraud misled:

To be no more the low-depending Slave
On the stern Bigot, or the Purse-proud Knave.

Then rescu'd from the False, the Dull, the Vain,
(That Strumpet Fortune's most distinguish'd Train)
Some friendly Classic, or some sacred Page,
In gentle Converse shou'd my Thoughts engage.

Or, if that curs'd Concomitant of Wealth,
With flaming Throbs shou'd interrupt thy Health,

Strait

Strait I'd attend thee with officious Care,
 And grateful bear a sympathetic Share;
 I'd ease those gloomy Hours with social Art,
 'Till sov'reign Patience heal'd the furious Smart.

Then, waken'd by the Horn's enchanting Sound,
 We'd spring to see the brisk, sagacious Hound,
 In mazy Rings the panting Hare pursue,
 Staunch as thyself, and obstinately true :
 While she her feeble Arts and Doublings past,
 Reviews her Form, and yielding breaths her last.

So busy Man starts from his infant Nest,
 And rings and shifts, by Cares, like Blood-hounds,
 prest;
 Happy, at length, if he can end his Toil,
 And his last Moments in his native Soil.

The xxxviiiith Chapter of JOB paraphras'd.

GIRD up thy Loins, thou Offspring of the
Clay,

And hear what the OMNIPOTENT shall say.

Prepare thy brightest Faculties, attend

To those mysterious Questions he'll demand,

Where was thy Being, with what Figure clad,

When the Foundation of the World was laid ?

What Pow'r was that which stretch'd the meas'ring
Line,

And modell'd Chaos, full of great Design ?

What Architect contriv'd the wond'rous Frame,

Or form'd the Pillars to uphold the same ?

When beauteous Order first appear'd in View,

And Virgin Nature no Transgression knew ;

When the harmonious Courſe of Orbs begun,

And riſing Stars in joyful Concert ſung ?

Canſt thou declare what Bounds the rolling Tide,

And checks the Surges of an Ocean's Pride ?

What

What makes the Flux, or what revolving Force
Holds in the Reins of *Neptune's* foaming Horse,
That he shou'd in the watry *Circus* stay ?

A Task too hard for Chance or human Sway.

Who gave the Morning Light resplendent Wings ?
Or first unseal'd the Heads of bubbling Springs ?

Shew me the Place where wand'ring Ghosts repair,
When they're expell'd their Habitations here.

Has Death reveal'd to thee his dark Abode ?

Or hast thou in the Vale of Shadows trod ?

Whence springs the Light ? Where do these Treasures
lie

That shade the Earth, and darken all the Sky ?

Who can the Source of these great Wonders know,

But he that makes the Hail and fleecy Snow,

And scatters Light'ning thro' the Worlds below ?

From him the tender Herbs, and budding Flow'rs,

Receive the welcome Drops of genial Show'rs.

'Tis he that sends the late and early Rains,

On Fields untill'd, and distant fruitless Plains.

Come

Come tell me, puny Mortal, tell me where
 The Frost is gender'd ? Who the mighty Sire ?
 What lulls the fluid Magazines asleep,
 And paves with Chrystal the cerulean Deep ?
 Canst thou with-hold the Stars celestial Force,
 Or teach *Arcturus*' Sons a juster Course ?
 Explain their Motions, in what Tracts they tread,
 And how on Earth they bounteous Influ'nce shed ?
 Who fills the pregnant Bottles of the Skies,
 And bids the Mists and dusky Vapours rise ?
 Haft thou Dominion o'er the rushing Storm ?
 Will Hurricanes to thy great Voice conform ?
 Try if the Thunder will obey thy Nod,
 And scourge a wicked Nation, like a God
 Divulge his Name, who did the Heart create,
 And who made Wisdom's, lovely Wisdom's Seat.
 Is it not he that cloaths the beauteous Grass,
 And gives the Lillies their unspotted Dress ?
 What lib'ral Hand affords the Lions Food,
 When that they roar for Hunger thro' the Wood ?

Who feeds the Rav'ns, when with dol'rous Cry,
 From Field to Field with fruitless Search they fly?
 Then own his Pow'r, who can these Works perform,
 And trust secure in his ALMIGHTY ARM.
 For they, who place their Confidence in him,
 Shall never be repuls'd, nor put to Shame.

Auxilium ab Alto.

FLY ye North Winds, and let R——n know,
 That neither Flakes of Ice, or Hills of Snow,
 Can set my anxious Mind at Ease or Rest,
 Or freeze my friendly Passions in my Breast.
 The *Muchna Lake* is cover'd in a trice,
 And all it's Waves are lock'd in Bars of Ice;
 The *rapid Liffy* cannot steer it's Course,
 Oblig'd to yield to a superior Force:
 Yet my Heart Streams in warm Meanders move,
 Nor can they freeze when they're so hot with *Love*;
Love,

Love, not a giddy, girlish, fond Desire,
 That has no Motives but what Lust inspire ;
 But the just *Love*, that *Gods* themselves commend,
 The Love of *Virtue*, *Honour*, and a *Friend* :
 These are Perfections Money can't acquire,
 Let other Nobles envy and admire !
 Let them cry, There's the Man that's truly great,
 Has *Honour*, *Virtue*, *Sense*, but no *Estate* ;
 Let them quit all their fordid Wealth with Grief,
 The *Motto* shews where you expect Relief.

On IMAGINARY HAPPINESS.

WHAT all Men have, or seem to have in View,
 And the same Thing by various Ways pursue,
 The Path to Happiness my Friend discern,
 And how to live by easy Precepts learn :
 Let warring Chiefs enjoy their trifling Aim,
 Their Wreaths of Laurel, and their Blasts of Fame ;
 Let noisy Litigants infest the Bar,
 And blunder into Wealth by verbal War ;

Let the bold Merchant, fir'd with Hope of Gain,
 Defy the raging Terrors of the Main ;
 Let dull Collegians o'er their School-Men pore,
 And more they're puzzling, still be puzzl'd more ;
 Let Statesmen after Fame and Riches pant,
 And Mifers, midst their Heaps of Plenty, want :
 While these thus toil, wisely do you employ
 Each Hour of Life, and every Bliss enjoy.
 How soon are Charms of Youth and Beauty gone ?
 Then make the present happy Hour your own :
 What Life can give of Happiness thus know,
 Dissolve in Pleasure, and in Rapture flow.

Let circling Goblets, fill'd with sparkling Juice,
 Which *Gallic Plains*, or *Tuscan Hills* produce ;
 Swell thy rich Veins, and banish busy Care,
 And make you eager for the panting Fair.
 Now, to give new Delight, let *Syrens* sing,
 Now breath the Flutes, and strike the sounding
 String :

Swift,

Swift, swift the fleeting Minutes haste away,
 Thou'lt die to-Morrow, therefore live to-Day.
 But when thou dy'st, *vain Youth*, a diff'rent Fate
 Will then succeed this trifling Pomp of State:
 Then thou wilt know, you ne'er shall cease to be,
 And blame too late voluptuous Luxury:
 Then with Regret this Maxim thou'lt confess,
 You'd been more happy, had you been so less.

Upon HUMAN LIFE.

THE whistling Winds, that thro' the World do
 fly,
 And drive the Clouds across the azure Sky,
 Are real Emblems of a human Life;
 O'ercaft with Clouds, and blown about with Strife:
 Now clear, serene, then cloudy with Despair;
 Now blest'd with Joy, and then o'erwhelm'd with
 Care:

Such various Fortunes do attend Mankind,
 That no sincere Delights he e'er can find ;
 Poor in himself, and abject in his State,
 He's tost about in Hurricanes of Fate.

A R I D D L E,

MY Friend and I from Home did part,
 He had some Yards of me the Start ;
 We ran, at least, a Mile, or more,
 And he still kept that Space before ;
 Nor more nor less, we all agree,
 Though he ran twice as fast as me ;
 Tell me then how it came to pass,
 That I no farther beaten was.

Care :

The

The Picture of a certain YOUNG LADY.

R I S E, gracious Muse ! harmonious Numbers
find,

And sing the choicest of her precious Kind ;

The beauteous Composition, lovely Dame,

Who fires my Breast, and more than Wealth or
Fame

Exerts my Soul, and is my constant Aim.

The mantling Blushes that her Cheeks adorn,

Were ravish'd from the Rose, or crimson Morn :

The *Persian* Insects lab'ring, wrought with Care

The slender filken Threads that form her Hair :

The clear quick Lustre of her piercing Eyes,

Was shot from Di'monds, or the spangl'd Skies :

Vermilion Coral left it's owfy Bed,

And gave her balmy Lips their glowing Red :

To frame her Teeth, choice Pearls did crowding
come,

Each from it's secret Cell in Ocean's Womb :

Arabian Odours did themselves transfer,
 And fled their native Home to breath in her :
Eden once flourish'd, like her blooming Face,
 Her Shape, her Mien, and unaffected Grace,
 From Heav'n the first of Females once possess'd,
 Created as a Pattern for the Rest :
 From Spring her Gaiety, from calmest Brooks
 Was wafted the Sere'ness of her Looks :
 Sweet *Philomel*, as she departing sung,
 Bequeath'd the Musick of her Silver Tongue :
 The Down of Swans and Lillies, or the gay
 And fragrant Bloom, that crowns the youthful *May*,
 To frame her Skin, did gracefully unite
 Their yielding Softness, and unblemish'd White :
 The vast cerulean *Skies*, and *Sea*, and *Air*,
 Did their combin'd and various Stores prepare, }
 At *Heav'ns* commanding Call, to frame my *Fair* ;
 They fram'd her of their rarest Treasures join'd,
 And in the curious Mould an *Angel-Soul* inshin'd.

The DISTRESS'D LOVER.

IN vain, *Zelinda*, my fond Heart
Wou'd quarrel with it's Chain;

Repentment but inflames the Smart,
And aggravates the Pain.

Slave to your Beauties, now no more
The Rebel dares repine,
At ev'ry Glance it owns your Pow'r,
And proudly mocks at mine.

Where Love's insulting Passion reigns
The Tyrant of the Breast,
He rides in Triumph thro' the Veins,
And lords it o'er the rest.

Hence Anger, kindled at his Word,
With eager Haste appears;
And Grief, confessing him her Lord,
Impearls her Eye with Tears.

That

That this, alas ! is all too true,
 My present Pain will prove ;
 Love in my Anger starts to View,
 My Grief descends from Love.

From the same dear, enchanting Source,
 Shou'd your Resentment flow ;
 Your Frowns in Time wou'd lose their Force,
 And Patience vanquish Woe.

But far severer Doom I read
 In your vindictive Eye,
 Who doats upon your Charms must bleed,
 But who offends them die.

An E P I T A P H.

BENEATH this melancholy Stone is laid
 Whate'er was mortal of a beauteous Maid ;
 Whose lovely Features ev'ry Bosom warm'd,
 Whose Pride rejected whom her Features charm'd :

But

But ah! that Face, which pleas'd the World before,
Is dead! is buried! rises here no more!

The VISION.

WHEN the pale *Moon* in borrow'd Robes of
Light,
Darted her silyer Rays o'er sooty Night;
The drowsy *Earth* in *Morpheus'* Bosom lay,
Rock'd by the Murmurs of the foaming Sea;
All Things were hush'd into a peaceful Rest,
And nothing wak'd but my poor anxious Breast.
'Twas then a beauteous Form, divinely bright,
Did pierce the Organs of my trembling Sight;
Gently she mov'd, and to my Bed drew near,
At once my *Wonder!* and at once my *Fear!*
In melting Words she did my Passion move,
Such as inflame the Soul with rapt'rous Love!
She led me thro' the various Turns of State,
And likewise shew'd me my approaching Fate;

Shew'd

Shew'd me the Men whom I might safely trust,
 And what Things make a Man uprightly just;
 Told me the Cause from whence our Fears arise,
 In lively Colours drawn before my Eyes.
 A *Monarch* bleeding for the *Church's* Cause,
 Condemn'd by *Rogues*, and judg'd by *barb'rous* *Laws*!
 Dear-bought Experience now does plainly shew,
 Who is your Friend, and who your greatest Foe:
 It's he, whom Hire bribes to go to Church,
 Be sure that Man will leave you in the Lurch;
 That act his dark Designs does so display,
 As drives all Fogs and doubtful Clouds away.
 This said, the beauteous *Phantom* took her Flight,
 And tow'ring, mounted to the Realms of Light.
 Fain wou'd I kept the Breaker of my Rest,
 And pour'd my Soul into her charming Breast.
 In lofty Numbers, and with skilful Art,
 I'd give the Off'ring of my bleeding Heart;
 I'd sing the Glories of the Blest above,
Immortal Candour, Piety, and Love.

Then

Then wou'd I paint our *Church's* sinking State,
 Our Foes triumphing at her adverse Fate;
 Boldly my Muse to seek her Service flies,
 Resolv'd to perish, or resolv'd to rise.
 Cou'd I, like *Stoicks*, all my Acts controul,
 I'd stem the Torrent of my raging Soul.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

WHILST you jaunt it up and down,
 Thro' the noisy, restless Town,
 Viewing Fashions, studying Men,
 Still a *Here* and *Thereian*;
 Or at Plays admiring fit,
Harlequin's prodigious Wit.
 How d' y' think my Hours I spend?
 Fancy thus, your Country Friend:
 With fresh Air, and Exercise,
 Driving far Disease and Vice;

LulPd

Lull'd at Night with calm Repose,
 What your City little knows.
 Nothing interrupts my Ease,
 But I rise whene'er I please ;
 Careless dress and plainly feed,
 In the Grove I walk and read ;
 Easy *Pad* to take the *Air*,
 Now and then to course the *Hare*.
 Cleanly *Pbillis* sets my Salt,
 Trusty *Roger* brews my Malt ;
 Chearful Neighbours at my Call,
 When dispos'd to chat withal.
 Thus, unknown to Fame and Strife,
 Stealing thro' the Vale of Life.

A POEM,

A POEM, by a NOBLEMAN, when but
Fourteen Years old.

SEE how yon flow'ry Maze she treads,
While around her orient Rays appear ;
The Flow'rs submissive bow their Heads,
And think the *Goddeſs Flora* there.

The *Lilly*, *Violet*, and *Rose*,
Ambitious, wou'd their Rivals be ;
Ev'n coy *Narciffus* wou'd diſpoſe
Of all his youthful Charms to thee.

Her Lilly Hand their fond Deſire,
With Condeſcenſion now has bleſs'd ;
All that their nicest Sweets expire,
Sh' has lodg'd within her ſnowy Breſt.

Their utmoſt Wiſhes now ſecure,
Laid cloſe in Extacy they lie ;
A Blis too great long to endure,
They change, they fade, they droop, they die.

But

But ah ! ye happy, happy Flow'rs,
 Your Life to me an Age appears ;
 Had I my Fate exchange'd with your's,
 I'd think I'd liv'd a thousand Years.

An E P I G R A M.

AS *Philo's* Wife lay dead, to calm his Grief,
 He to *Clarinda* flies, and finds Relief.
 She too was crying, on her Husband's Score,
 He's dead ! he's dead ! alas, he is no more !
 Since they are dead, poor Souls ! here *Philo* cries,
 'Twill be in vain to grieve, come, dry your Eyes :
 Our Care is just the same, away with Sorrow,
 One Day's enough for that—we'll wed to-Morrow.

The FROG and BULL. A FABLE.

I.

BY Chance, a *Frog*, quoth *Æsop*, spy'd,

As brooding in the Dust he sat,

A *sleek Bull* bouncing by his Side,

Of lovely Aspect, tow'ring Height.

With Envy stung, the Rival Vermin tries

To bloat his Carcass to an equal Size.

II.

Malicious, impotent, and proud,

He sweats, he swells, he pants, he groans ;

He heaves and labours, croaks aloud,

Extends his Skin, distorts his Bones :

The feeble Mimick struts with high Disdain,

While the rank Venom boils in ev'ry Vein.

III.

At length, o'ercharg'd with Spleen and Pride,

His struggling Soul contends in vain ;

And bursting thro' his narrow Hide,

Himself cannot himself contain :

Then out his Rancour, Rage, and Malice fly;
As from *Pandora's* Box, and taint the Sky.

IV.

So *Ætna* surfeited with Fire,
So *Schoolmen's Brains* with Lumber fraught,
So *Schemes of Politicks* expire,
So *Plots abortive* sink to Nought :
So flash'd away th' aspiring Hopes of *Spain*,
So *Pha'ton* dropt, and *Judas* rent in twain.

V.

The *Bull* beheld with scornful Looks,
As *Jove* the *Titans* when they fell,
The tortur'd Wretch on Tenter-Hooks,
Like *Belgic Traitors*, rack'd to *Hell*.
So may we see each envious Imp self-curs'd,
And Malice with it's in-born Venom burst.

A HYMN.

A H Y M N.

I.

ON thee, each Morning, oh my God,
My waking Thoughts attend ;
In whom are founded all my Hopes,
And all my Wishes end.

II.

My Soul, in pleasing Wonder lost,
Thy boundless Love surveys ;
And, fir'd with grateful Zeal, prepares
Her Sacrifice of Praise.

III.

Thou lead'st me thro' the Maze of Sleep,
And bring'st me safe to Light ;
And, with the same paternal Care,
Conducts my Steps till Night.

IV.

When Ev'ning Slumbers press my Eyes,
With thy Protection blest,
In Peace and Safety I commit
My weary'd Limbs to rest.

V.

My Spirit, in thy Hands secure,
Fears no approaching Ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, LORD, art with me still.

VI.

What fit Return can I, weak Flesh,
Make to ALMIGHTY POW'R,
For so much Goodness, so much Love,
Such Mercies ev'ry Hour!

VII.

I'll daily to th' astonish'd World,
His wond'rous Acts proclaim;
While all with me shall Praises sing,
With me shall blest his Name.

VIII.

At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll still

The growing Work pursue ;

And him alone will praise, to whom

Alone our Praise is due.

L I F E. *An* O D E.

L I F E ! the dear, precarious Boon !

Soon we lose, alas ! how soon !

Fleeting *Vision*, falsely gay !

Grasp'd in vain, it fades away :

Mixing with surrounding Shades,

Lovely *Vision* ! how it fades !

Let the *Muse*, in Fancy's Glass,

Catch the *Phantoms* as they pass,

See they rise ! a *Nymph* behold,

Careless, wanton, young and bold !

Mark her devious, hasty Pace,
 Antique Dress, and thoughtless Face,
 Smiling Cheeks, and rolling Eyes,
 Causeless Mirth and vain Surprise.—
 Tripping at her Side, a Boy,
 Shares her Wonder, and her Joy :
 This is *Folly* Childhood's Guide,
 This is *Childhood* at her Side.

What is he succeeding now,
 Myrtles blooming on his Brow ;
 Bright and blushing as the Morn,
 Not on Earth a Mortal born ?
 Shafts to pierce the Strong, I view,
 Wings the Flying to pursue ;
 Victim of his Power, behind
 Stalks a Slave of Humankind,
 Whose Disdain of all the Free,
 Speaks his Mind's Captivity.
Love's the Tyrant, *Youth* the Slave ;
Youth, in vain, is wise or brave :

Love,

Love, with conscious Pride, defies
All the Brave, and all the Wife.

Who art thou, with anxious Mien,
Stealing o'er the shifting Scene?
Eyes, with tedious Vigils, red,
Sighs, by Doubts and Wishes bred,
Cautious Step, and glancing Leer,
Speak thy Woes, and speak thy Fear;
Arm in Arm, what Wretch is he,
Like thyself, who walks with thee?
Like thy own, his Fears and Woes,
All thy Pangs his Bosom knows:
Well, too well! my boding Breast
Know the Names your Looks suggest;
Anxious, busy, restless Pair!
Manhood link'd by Fate to *Care*!

Wretched State, and yet 'tis dear—
Fancy, close the Prospect here!

Close it, or recal the past,
 Spare my Eyes, my Heart, the last :
 Vain the Wish ! the last appears,
 Whilst I gaze, it swims in Tears :
Age—my future self—I trace,
 Moving slow with feeble Pace,
 Bending with Disease and Cares,
 All the Load of Life he bears ;
 White his Looks, his Visage wan,
 Strength, and Hope, and Ease are gone :
Death, the shadowy Form, I know,
Death o’ertakes him, dreadful Foe !
 Swift they vanish—mournful Sight !
 Night succeeds, impervious Night !
 What these dreadful Gloom’s conceal,
 Fancy’s Glass can ne’er reveal.
 When shall Time the Veil remove ?
 When shall Light the Scene improve ?
 When shall Truth my Doubts dispel ?
 AWFUL PERIOD !—Who can tell ?

An ODE, by a YOUNG LADY.

I Envy not the Proud their Wealth,
Their Equipage, and State :

Give me but Innocence and Health,
I ask not to be great,

I, in this sweet Retirement, find
A Joy unknown to Kings :

For Scepters, to a virtuous Mind,
Seem vain and gaudy Things,

Great *Cincinnatus*, at his Plow,
With brighter Lustre shone,

Than guilty *Cæsar* e'er cou'd do,
Tho' seated on a Throne.

Tumultuous Days, and restless Nights,
Ambition ever knows ;

A Stranger to the calm Delights
Of Study and Repose.

Then,

Then, free from Envy, Care, and Strife,
 Permit me, *Heav'nly Pow'rs*,
 To pass a pure, unblemish'd Life,
 And crown with Peace my Hours.

A R I D D L E.

W H A T E V E R Form the beauteous Virgins
 wear,

'Tis Innocence alone that makes them fair ;
 Such once was I, unfullied as the Dove
 That draws the Chariot of the Queen of Love :
 In purest White each tender Part was drest,
 Nor had one tainted Thought defil'd my Breast :
 I chose in modest Silence Years to pass,
 Nor cou'd deceive, for what I seem'd I was ;
 'Till Man ! how can I tell that fatal Day,
 That snatch'd my Peace and Innocence away ;
 He promis'd Wisdom, and to make me know
 The Things above, as well as Things below :

By

By Nature form'd, I Nature's Force obey'd,
 And yielded to his Will a spotless Maid :
 How dear the impious Thirst of Knowledge cost ?
 By this the first created Pair were lost.
 Scarce can the pitying Nurse, without a Tear,
 Sing me no longer chaste, no longer fair.
 He snatch'd me from my Place, and rudely prest,
 With Force unnatural, my snowy Breast ;
 I blush'd, and all the blissful Saints appear
 In Witness to the Infamy I bear ;
 All Hopes of virtuous Sentiments are lost,
 And with my wretched Life my Stains must last.
 How black with filthy Marks, the foul Disgrace
 Pollutes the native Lustre of my Face ;
 My Thoughts deceitful, and my Words a Lie,
 A proud, ambiguous, cheating Jilt am I ;
 I boast my near Accesses to the Great,
 And Penetration in Affairs of State :
 By me seduc'd, my simple Vot'ries rise
 In fond Extatic Raptures to the Skies ;

Again

Again they sink, depress'd with groundless Fears
 Of secret Treacheries, and open Wars :
 In Thund'rings oft and Light'nings I appear,
 And threaten Tempests, tho' the Skies are clear ;
 Now sooth'd again, Mankind no Danger dreads,
 Tho' furious Storms are bursting o'er their Heads.

Chaste Nymphs beware, the pleasing Prospect shun
 Of being wiser, lest ye be undone ;
 View me with distant Pity, who am grown
 So cheap a Prostitute to all the Town ;
 That, in the Space of one revolving Sun,
 My little Credit's lost, my guilty Course is run.

*The GROTTO of CALYPSO, translated from
 Book V. of Homer's Odyssey.*

THUS o'er the watry Empire *Hermes* flies,
 'Till now the happy Island greets his Eyes ;
 Then swift emerging from the rolling Sea,
 Hastes to the Cave along the winding Way.

Large

Large was the Grotto where he found the fair,
 The blooming *Goddeſs* with the radiant Hair.
 The joyous Rocks her warbling Voice reſound;
 And riſing Blazes gild the Grotto round:
 Cedar and Frankincenſe the Flame ſupply,
 And Clouds of Odours gladden all the Sky:
 Whilſt to her Loom ſhe chaunts the vocal Lay,
 And Work and pleaſing Song divide the Day.

Before the Grot, ſweet Manſion of Delight,
 Groves of eternal Greens enchant the Sight:
 There *Alders* ſhine, whoſe Branches never fail:
 Here *Poplars* quiver with the balmy Gale.
 A fragrant Shade the *Cypreſs* wide diſplays,
 Where Birds of broadest Wing their Manſions raiſe;
 The *Mew*, the *Crow*, loquacious in her Flight,
 And all that in the briny Deep delight.
Vines of luxuriant Growth the Entrance hide,
 The Cluſters ſwelling with a purple Pride.

From

From the cleft Rocks four limpid Currents flow
 In silver Mazes to the Vale below ;
 Where Meads with everlasting Flow'rets smile,
 And fill with Fragrance all the blisful Isle.
 So lovely sweet, that, if a *God* shou'd gaze,
 A *God* must view with Pleasure and Amaze.
 Enraptur'd stood the *Messenger* of *Jove*,
 Surveying all th'Elysium of the Grove.

On seeing a SKULL.

THIS *Preacher*, silent yet severe,
 Proclaims Mortality to Man ;
 Thou like this Emblem shalt appear,
 When Time has measur'd out thy Span,
 Here once was fix'd the dimpled Cheek,
 And, from this fallow, naked Crown,
 The curling Honours long and sleek,
 Fell light and negligently down.

This

This Part once fortify'd the Brain,
The Seat of Sense in Ages fled ;
From whence might flow the raptur'd Strain,
Or Truths by sacred Science bred.

Here hung the Lips that once cou'd smile,
And here were fix'd the Orbs of Light ;
Extinguish'd now, corrupt and vile,
Suffus'd in everlasting Night.

Behold ! the Socket's empty Space
Affrights the yet perceiving Eye ;
And spreads pale Horror o'er the Face
Of all who live, alas ! to die.

Here yet remain, expos'd and bare,
By Dust defil'd, of earthly Hue,
Those Teeth, that Age vouchsaf'd to spare,
An useless and a mould'ring Few !

Gay Friend, here hung the list'ning Ear,
That fed the Soul with Sense, by Sound ;
Here the loquacious Tongue, and here,
The Nose, on this distorted Wound.

These all had Converse with the Soul,
Mysterious Work of heav'nly Skill !
Clay join'd to Spirit, form'd an Whole,
And quicken'd Dust obey'd the Will.

God call'd the Life he lent away,
The Dust return'd from whence it came ;
The Spirit left the stiff'ning Clay,
And Death dissolv'd the wond'rous Frame.

Be witty, Mortal, bold and free,
Yet own thy Knowledge centers here ;
E'er long thy Scalp like this shall be,
Not worth the fordid Sexton's Care.

This once, perhaps, a Statesman's Schemes
 Of guilty Wealth and Power contain'd,
 Where now are all his flatt'ring Dreams?
 And whose the mighty Sums he gain'd?

Perhaps, some former *Garrick* bore,
 This Scalp aloft with graceful Pride;
 Alas! his Action charms no more,
 That once new Force to Wit supply'd.

Perhaps, some cunning Quibbles fill'd,
 'Twas once a Lawyer's, arch and dry;
 To obviate ev'ry Claim, tho' skill'd,
 He pay'd one Debt, decreed to die.

Perhaps, some haughty Beauty's Charms,
 Adorn'd this Bone with White and Red;
 No more the Nymph the World alarms,
 The Lillies and the Roses fled.

Perhaps, a Crown these Temples bound,
 Before it Subject-Nations bow'd,
 Now undistinguish'd in the Ground,
 The Beggar tramples on the Proud.

What Cause has mortal Flesh to boast
 Of transient Knowledge, Wealth and Pow'r!
 The Summons comes our Breath is lost,
 And all are Nothing in an Hour.

All, all must pass this dreary Road
 To Dust and Silence, cold and gloom,
 All rest in one obscure Abode,
 The Dwelling of the World, the Tomb.

O thou whose Gift is Life! bestow
 Yet more in Virtue and in Truth,
 And lead me thro' this Vale of Woe,
 The Staff of Age, and Guide of Youth

Sustain me in the mortal Hour,
 For then 'tis thine alone to save ;
 Then let me triumph in thy Pow'r,
 A joyful Victor o'er the Grave.

*The POET'S APOLOGY, to APOLLO at
 Glassnevin.*

SOME Verses for Music I promis'd to bring,
 A Song on the Season for *Colgan* to sing ;
 Sacred to *Phæbus*, an Ode on the Times,
 Gayly accouter'd in Measure and Rhymes.
 But pox o' my Muse, she prov'd a mere Jade,
 For the Dev'l a Ditty or Song have I made :
 The *Doctor's* much fitter for musical Airs,
 His *Pegasus* prances as high as the Stars !
 I met him this Morning with both Arms a-kimbow,
 Licking his Lips at a Laps in the Window :
 He promis'd me then to handle his Lyre,
 And swore the sweet Nymph had fann'd up his Fire.

In Subjects of Love he's sure to excel,
 I wish I cou'd coax 'em but Quarter as well.
 However, 'to-Morrow I'll something produce,
 So beg that, at present, you'll take my Excuse.

A N S W E R.

Provided you prove a Bard to your Word,
Apollo consents — The *Doctor's* absurd.

*An EPITAPH on Miss L——; by the Revd.
 Mr. ——*

OLD Time, when thou hast thrown thy Scythe
 aside,

And mow'd down all our *Vanity* and *Pride*;

Tell us if e'er thou cou'dst thro' Ages shew

More *Wit* or *Virtue*, than lies here below?

*An EPITAPH, by the Author of the Foregoing,
designed for himself.*

HERE undisturb'd and peaceful let me lie,
Ye busy *Triflers*, pass in Silence by.

May the fierce Blasts of *Envy* now subside;

Relent, O *Malice* ! and forgive, O *Pride* !

*VERSES, address'd by a Gentleman of the Church
of England, to a Roman-Catholic Lady.*

I Yield, I yield, all-conqu'ring Maid !

Your Charms triumphantly prevail ;

Such wond'rous Beauty must persuade,

Tho' *Fathers*, *Popes*, and *Councils* fail.

Blest Change ! an Heretic no more,

I gaze convinc'd, and with Surprise,

I listen to your silent Lore ;

A sudden Convert of your Eyes !

Like Inspiration's heav'nly Ray,
Lo, Truths divine your Face can teach ;
You look what *Bellarmino* cou'd say,
You smile beyond what *Doctors* preach !

Against that Innocence and Bloom,
What Fool of Reason can dispute ?
Ye serious Triflers, Foes of *Rome* !

Can you that Air and Shape refute ?
From such Ambassadors of Heav'n,
All Schismatics wou'd learn their Duty ;
And soon, by Mother-Church forgiv'n,
Become the Proselytes of Beauty !

To such Fair Agents in the Cause,
The proudest Prince wou'd Rev'rence pay ;
Senates repeal oppressive Laws,
And all implicitly obey !

Cou'd

Cou'd *Rome* such Missionaries send,
Her Glory to the Skies wou'd tow'r,
Her Empire to the Poles extend,
And both the *Indies* own her Pow'r!

No Wretch, who rashly meets your Eyes,
By Word can their Effulgence paint;
No cold Protestor then denies
The Worship of a Female Saint!

I hear a *Seraph* while you sing!
Each Fibre feels the thrilling Lay;
My raptur'd Soul is on the Wing,
With Extasy I die away!

My Fancy bright Ideas warm;
Hail, fairest of thy lovely Kind!
With all the Graces in thy Form,
And all the Virtues in thy Mind!

I see Perfection on her Throne !

My Errors I'll no more pursue

Infallibility I own !

—— *Infallibility* —— in You ! ——

A R I D D L E.

A Place big enough for to work or to play,
 A Cloth that contain'd a large Parcel of Hay ;
 Of neat Morrice-Dancers two hundred met on it,
 Perhaps you'll expect a Jig, or a Sonnet :
 But alas ! of all those there was never a one,
 That cou'd whistle *Moll Peasly*, or sing *Bobbing Joan* :
 Then in came a Crew of sharp Lads in their Natures,
 Who stood like mere Posts, or stupid Spectators :
 No Wonder why any cou'd not dance a Jig,
 For each one of them was ty'd by the Leg ;
 No Wonder why none of the other cou'd sing,
 For each of 'em danc'd with his Neck in a String.

On SICKNESS.

FROM this vain World, where Ills abound,
 And Joys, but few, unmix'd, are found,
 Where restless Foes those few infest,
 And Friends are impotent at best;
 My weary'd Soul, good LORD, remove
 To Bowers of Bliss, and Friends above.

I said: When lo! this Prayer preferr'd,
 Stern Sickness (frightful Guest!) appear'd;
 I started, frown'd, and cry'd, Begone,
 From one already half undone.
 Can Pain a Cure for Sorrow be?
 I'm enough wretched without thee.

Weak Man! who errs a thousand Ways,
 And censures what deserves his Praise!
 The hideous Form so seiz'd my Thought,
 I then th' intrinsic Worth forgot.
 But, welcome Guest! for now I find,
 Tho' seeming cruel, thou art kind:

Kind

Kind as I wish'd, and lead'ft the Road
 From this vain *World*, to HEAV'N and GOD.
 To HEAV'N and GOD I'll prefs the Way,
 Tho' grim the Pilot, rough the Sea :
 Who can his Courfe reluctant bend,
 When that's the Port, and He the Friend!

The HOUSE-KEEPER.

OLD Mr. ——— at Eighty-fix,
 Juft stepping into River *Styx*,
 Lofing about fome thirty Guineas,
 For Want of Care, like other Ninnies ;
 Brings all his Folks before the Juftice,
 To fift out where his fad Miftruff is.

The Gold was miffing from his Cheft,
 Too true to make of it a Jeft.

His Worfhip clofe examin'd all,
 Finding on whom the Charge muft fall ;

Said

Said — Sir — your Damsel *Polly* has it,
 None else can come within your Closet;
 So strong the Circumstances fit her,
 I'll strait send for her, and commit her.

Hold, good Sir — she keeps my House,
 And wou'd not wrong me of a Soufe;
 No Girl is faithfuller, or juster,
 With all I have I dare to trust her —
 As she does him — be sure, he meant,
 So Home returned well content.

This is the third Time to his Cost,
 He's made a Stir for Money lost;
 Only to let the Country know,
 He pays for what he cannot do;
 And thinks himself not much the worse,
 If none but *Polly* dip in's Purse.

The SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

I.

THE Night was still, the Air serene,
Fann'd by a Southern Breeze ;
The glimm'ring Moon might just be seen,
Reflecting thro' the Trees.

II.

The bubbling Water's constant Course,
From off th' adjacent Hill,
Was mournful Eccho's last Resource,
All Nature was so still.

III.

The constant Shepherd sought this Shade,
By Sorrow fore oppress'd ;
Close by a Fountain's Margin laid,
His Pain he thus express'd.

Ah,

IV.

Ah wretched Youth! why didst thou love,
Or hope to meet Success;
Or think the Fair wou'd constant prove
Thy blooming Hopes to blefs?

V.

Find me the Rose on barren Sands,
The Lilly 'midst the Rocks;
The Grape in wide, deserted Lands,
The Wolf, a Guard to Flocks.

VI.

Those you, alas! will sooner gain,
And will more easy find,
Than meet with aught but cold Disdain,
In faithless Womankind.

VII.

Riches alone now win the Fair,
Merit they quite despise;
The constant Lover thro' Despair,
Because not wealthy, dies.

On WIT.

TRUE WIT is like the brilliant Stone,
 Dug from the *Indian Mine*;
 Which boasts two various Pow'rs in one,
 To cut as well as shine.

Genius like this, if polish'd right,
 With the same Gifts abounds;
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles as it wounds.

On the Same.

TO fetter *Wit's* a vain Intent,
 It gets more Fame by Punishment.

To THOMAS NUGENT, of Donore, Esq; on
 the Birth of his Son PETER.

URG'D by Desert, while o'er *Hesperian Meath*,
 Numbers of ev'ry Rank their Transports breath,
 And

And with one common Countenance of Joy,
 Exulting, hail thy new-born Wish, a Boy;
 Accept this lowly Tribute of my Muse,
 Nor, what my cordial Thoughts inspire refuse;
 'Midst Crouds, who bring their Off'rings of Delight,
 Let me throw in my poor officious Mite;
 Tho' mean my Verse, I sing no venal Lay,
 And but the Debt of just Affection pay.

What, sluggish Bard cou'd silently supine,
 Where Merit calls so loud, the Song decline?
 Where manly Worth, with softest Beauty meets,
 And *Mars* and *Venus* press the nuptial Sheets;
 Where polish'd Breeding, not the starch'd Grimace,
 The modest, easy, unaffected Grace,
 The courtly Port, the Belle Address and Air,
 Yet still attended with a Heart sincere;
 And all that's gay, easy, facetious, free,
 Dwell in thy *Consort*, and, dear *Tom*, in thee;
 Who seldom rest in Words, but oft' as needs,
 Friendship to Action laudably proceeds;

Unbias'd

Unbias'd, or by Party, Feuds, or Spite,
And if e'er wrong, still aiming at the right :
Where, tho' *Maria* boasts *Milesian* Birth,
And fam'd *Lorrain* be *Nugent's* native Earth ;
Both from the vulgar Herd themselves divide
By innate Grandeur, not by nauseous Pride.
Pride, where we cannot trace our Lineage good,
Steps in, and largely fills the Void of Blood ;
Hence none are noted more of Pride to shew,
Than those of Fortune high, and Birth as low ;
While easy of Access, the Well-born draw
A due Respect, and naturally awe.
What needs there more, lov'd Pair, to prove you
great,
Too good 'midst Fortunes Smiles to be elate,
Too wise to build your Merit on the Sand,
The tot'ring Base of Sums, or Tracts of Land ;
Worth join'd with Wealth, may yield a brighter
Gleam,
As skilful Painting in a costly Frame ;

But who no Merit has, save Wealth, to plead,
 Resembles Dawb'ry in gilt Framing laid.

Some there are known so selfish, rather mad,
 To think that Wealth dispenses to be bad ;
 That golden Heaps, with Interest and Pow'r,
 Are Warrants, but the Weaker to devour :
 But you the just, the nobler Path pursue,
 With a full Fortune blest, and virtuous too ;
 Friendly, serene and affable to all,
 Grand with the Grand, and Humble with the Small ;
 Scorning the haughty, supercilious Eye,
 Averse to Wrongs, and petty Tyranny :
 Oh heav'nly Match, in Birth and blameless Lives,
 Thou the best Husband, she the best of Wives.

Who wou'd not then, dear happy Pair, rejoice,
 Who not congratulate with Heart and Voice,
 When safe deliver'd, by the Sire care's'd,
 The Mother smiles, and both deserv'dly blest'd.
 Behold an Infant of the manly Sort,
 The destin'd Ornament of Camp or Court ;

In whom we may the Mother's sprightly Face,
 And Father's candid, gen'rous Manners trace ;
 In whom, when Nature faints beneath her Load,
 And Sire and Mother soar to *Heav'n's* Abode,
 Still western *Midia* happily may boast,
 Surviving Merit, tho' themselves we've lost.

Dart on thy Mother, lovely Child, a Smile,
 Soon learn her fondling Moments to beguile,
 Soon let thy more than infant Prate presage,
 Thy future Greatness at maturer Age ;
 Oh ! when she gives the sweet endearing Kifs,
 And, not unenvy'd, thou art hugg'd in Blifs,
 In that blest'd Union may her Face imprint
 On thine, her ev'ry graceful Lineament ;
 When to her snowy Bosom dearly prest,
 Steal ev'ry Virtue lodg'd within her Breast ;
 Nor fail, when dandl'd on thy Father's Knee,
 To catch his Temper by like Sympathy ;
 That a sweet Mixture of thy Sire and her,
 With Growth of Years, may form thy Character.

So,

So, by reverse Example, *Cupid* clad
 In Shape and Habit like th' *Anchisian* Lad;
 Unconscious *Dido* folding in her Arms,
 Suck'd in Love's Poison, gazing on his Charms.

Ah! may I see thee thus not only rise
 By Birth immediate, beautiful and wise;
 But from a higher Source derive Applause,
 Inheriting thy * Uncle's Depth in Laws,
 Urging thy Country's Good, with equal Fame
 Adorn'd with *Peter's* Talents as his Name.
 Name,—which rehears'd, methinks I see from far,
 The Barristers engag'd in wordy War;
 The Cause now that, now this Way seems to bend,
 The Judges doubt, the Clients dread it's End;
 Justice herself, with fluctuating Scales,
 Sits dubious on which Side the Right prevails;
 While either is maintain'd with 'suasive Words,
 And all the Power that Eloquence affords:

K 2

The

* *Peter Daly*, Esq;

The trembling Party's yet upon a Par,
 'Till *Daly* speaks, the Thund'rer of the Bar,
 His *Client* panting as he Silence breaks,
 Blesses his Tongue, and thinks an Angel speaks ;
 Now hears him ravel back the mazy Clue
 Of Argument, and ev'ry Turn pursue,
 Display each adverse Sophism to Light,
 And mingle strong Conviction with Delight ;
 If Reason can't his stubborn Foes convince,
 Calm he derides, and laughs them into Sense ;
 Of Conquest sure, with pleasing Ease imparts
 Some well-tim'd Joke, and plays around their Hearts :
 The *Judge* attent to all that's by him said,
 Shakes the assenting Honours of his Head ;
 Commands to Silence both contending Sides,
 At last for *Daly* gloriously decides.

So, when two Armies equally engage,
 Pursuing Glory with alternate Rage,
 Now this, now that, you think prepar'd for Flight,
 So dubious hangs the Fortune of the Fight ;

'Till

'Till some great Chief, for Worth of Arms renown'd,
 (Such *Britain* lately in her *Marlbro'* found)
 Leads on his Troops with not untimely Aid,
 And deals wide Havock with his whirling Blade;
 Breaks thro' his Foes, impatient of Delay,
 Till *Jove* resigns him the victorious Day.

Nor wou'd I have you, darling Boy, disdain
 To make Acquaintance with the Muses Train,
 Who claim you theirs, if you the least partake
 The gen'rous Blood of soft Pierian * *Blake*;
 Courted by ev'ry Muse to join their Choir,
 And spread their Empire as he holds their Fire;
 Yet to their Charms insensible as Stone,
 (And in this Point ungenerous alone)
 He flights their offer'd Crown of deathless Bays,
 For not inglorious, but less charming Ways,

K 3

Rejecting

Rejecting to be stil'd *Apollo's* Son,
 And stooping to, but mortal *Littleton*.
 Say, my lov'd Friend, was't Envy touch'd thy Mind,
 Thus to conceal thy Genius from Mankind,
 Thus, Miser-like, to hide thy mighty Store,
 And choak the Mine of thy poetic Ore;
 Nor can you plead a natural Restraint,
 While lives an * *Eagle*, or the * *Templer's* *Plaint*;
 These glaringly expose to ev'ry View,
 What Wonders more, if minded, you might do;
 Silent since which, you prove your Disregard
 To Gifts poetic, or be stil'd a Bard:

Rous'd with the Thought, I thrice essay'd in vain,
 To launch my Muse into a bolder Strain;
 Then to † *Galivia* fain wou'd turn my Song,
 But found I trespass'd on her Sense too long;

While

* Alluding to two Copies of Verses by Mr. *Blake*, addressed to Mrs. *Nugent*.

† Mrs. *Nugent*.

While I too daring in my rude-sung Lays,
 Scarce sketch the Virtues which I meant to praise :
 My Lyre untun'd by Injury of Times,
 And spiritless the Bard, as are his Rhymes :
 Yet cou'd I not forbear to shew my Will,
 Ev'n at the Cost of shewing Want of Skill ;
 Attempting thus, such Merit's Height to climb,
 Must downwards sink, and own it too sublime.

So, when a wounded *Snake* strives up to creep
 Some rising Rock, or Ditch's slipp'ry Steep,
 Scarce his own Length advanc'd, he backward falls,
 And flow beneath, voluminously crawls.

The D R E A M.

ON *Corinna's* Bosom lying,
 Glayly smiling, panting, dying ;
 Silent Slumber clos'd my Eye,
 Ready Fancy soon was nigh.

As methought I chanc'd to rove
 Up the *Cythorean Grove*,
 Sudden Raptures fill'd my Breast,
 I my Wonder thus express'd :

Blest Retreat ! and happy they
 In these verdant Mazes play !

Little *Cupid*, God of Love,

Straight came flying from above —

If you so delighted be,
 Gentle *Strephon*, follow me ;
 Near my Bow direct your Eye,
 Look ye where the *Graces* lie —
 Further yet, where may be seen,
 Beauty's fair transcendent *Queen* !

Soon approaching near the Throne,
 Whence this beamy Brightness shone ;
 Ev'ry Feature I admir'd,
 Ev'ry Grace my Bosom fir'd —
 Eager I sprung to seize her heav'nly Charms,
 And waking, found the *Goddeſs* in my Arms.

The XIXth Ode of ANACREON.

THE *Earth's* a Drunkard we all know,
And so are all the Trees that grow ;

And if Philosophers say true,

The very *Air* will tipples top :

The *Sea* long since has got it's Dose,

And see how *Sol* has fir'd his Nose :

The *Man* i' th' *Moon* has gloss'd his Snout :

And thus all Nature drinks about,

Then why, my Friends, so very tart,

If I can't do without my Quart.

*An ELEGY on the Death of Mrs. G——N,
a Lady justly celebrated, who died in June,
1749.*

By Miss D——T, of Liverpool.

SAY, Bloom-destroying *Death*, hast thou conspir'd
With female *Pride*, by low-liv'd *Envy* fir'd,

To snatch from *Life*, this Rival of their *Fame*?

This *Wit*, this *Beauty*, this excelling *Dame*!

Oh! no, 'twas *Heav'n*, whose Wisdom ne'er design'd
 For this low Sphere, a Genius so refin'd.
 So rich a Flow'r, deck'd with such lively Sense,
 Was sure to fade, if not transplanted hence.
 Th' illustrious Stranger, (such she was on *Earth*)
 Is now return'd, from whence deriv'd her Birth :
 Cœlestial Soil will nourish this fair Rose,
 Angelic Breasts no blasting Envy knows.
 That noisom Weed, from *Heav'n* long since expung'd,
 In deepest *Hell*, it's wretched Author plung'd !
 From thence to *Earth* ! now we alone are curs'd
 With this fell Fiend ! by Pride and Ign'rance nurs'd.

But come, digressive *Muse*, resume thy Theme,
 And give to Merit it's distinguish'd Claim,
 Paint this fair *Phoenix* in a juster Light ;
 This Nature's Di'mond, made by Art more bright.
 Ah ! what a lovely Groupe of Graces fled,
 When that last Breath proclaim'd the Charmer dead !
 Then Beauty, Virtue, and exalted Sense,
 With sprightly Wit, and white-rob'd Innocence,

United all, with one Consent they flew,
 And Joy, and Goodwin, bid the World adieu !
 The mourning World, for all that knew complain,
 If not for Loss of her, yet for her Train,
 That Train, compos'd of all the World cou'd boast ;
 And, oh ! I fear, with her for ever lost !
 Not so, *raſh Muſe*, perhaps there yet may live,
 In whom theſe Graces may again ſurvive.
 Ye female Throng, that knew this brilliant Star,
 Extract her Virtues with induſtrious Care ;
 Strive with each other, who ſhall moſt ſurpaſs,
 And as you may, be what bright *Goodwin* was,
 Whoe'er, like her, deſerve the Muſes Praise,
 Shall riſe the Subject of ſome future Lays :
 Be honour'd while they live, lamented die,
 And future Ages ſtrive with this to vie.

LOVE

LOVE *and* REPUTATION.

A F A B L E.

ONCE on the Way, as Fable tells,
Love, Reputation, greeted ;
The first, like modern Friend, seem'd frank,
The other, shy, retreated.

Sir Gravity, said sprightly *Love*,

Shall I my Scheme unravel ?

Companions rare ! yet once, for Whim,

Together let us travel.

Nor is this League with empty Views

On either Side, invited ;

Pert Slander shall, in vain, assay,

Or you, or me, united.

Agreed :—away flies eager *Love*,

His Wings outstript the Wind ;

Whilst *Reputation*, slow of Foot,

Came lagging far behind.

Love

Love, stopp'd, impatient at his Stay,

And cry'd, If thus I tarry,

How many Matches shall I spoil ?

How many Prudes miscarry ?

How many Vot'ries shall I lose ?

Yet not my Faith to fully,

I'll teach thee, my dear Friend, tho' new,

To mark my Progress duly.

When Towns I seek, a Wing I'll plume,

Your Guide to trace me thither :

At Masquerades, Assemblies, Balls,

You ne'er shall miss a Feather.

Soft ! soft ! said *Reputation*, Child,

To these I rarely come :

So Master *Love*, again you're free

In random Flight to roam.

Yet

Yet, e'er we part, weigh well my Words,
 With strict Attention mind me ;
 Those whom I meet, and me desert,
 Again shall never find me.

The C A S E of M A N.

WHAT strange Disorder often springs,
 From very light and trivial Things !
 Which makes Philosophers conjecture,
 They are from Providence a Lecture,
 To check our Vanity and Pride,
 And many other Faults beside :
 This gave the first Creation Rise
 Of *Maggots, Insects, Worms, and Flies,*
 Of *Bugs, Wasps, Midges, Mice, and Rats,*
 And *barking Curs, and spit-fire Cats ;*
 That, strive to shun 'em where you will,
 There's one or t'other at you still ;

No *Man* escapes insidious Vermin,
 From Coat of Frize, to royal Ermin;
 From the low Joint-stool, to the Throne,
 These Plagues of *Egypt* favour none.
 And now to point the several Ways,
 Such Trifles have such Pow'r to teize.

The lurking *Maggot* in your Mear,
 Destroys your Appetite to eat.

Proceed to Bed, that Place of Rest;
 Lay down your Head, and do your best,
 One little skipping, sorry *Flea*,
 Can chase the *God* of *Sleep* away.

The *Bug*, that Spawn of rotten Wood,
 Not only fucks, but taints your Blood.
 At length you seize the worthless Prize,
 You squeeze, he bursts, and bursting, dies;
 But still a greater Curse you find,
 So strong a Stink he leaves behind.

The crawling *Louse* affails you next,
 You grope, and grope, you fret, you're vex;
 This little Speck of Sweat and Dirt,
 Altho' it cannot greatly hurt,
 Yet still it makes you scratch and shrug,
 As much as the adherent *Bug*.

If none of these a *Rat* or *Cat*,
 Or nibbling *Mouſe*, or buzzing *Gnat*,
 May come as you're ſupinely laid,
 And break the Peace which Sleep has made;
 So flight an Accident deſtroys
 The greateſt of all human Joys!

If to the Fields you walk for Air,
 What num'rous Squadrons meet you there;
Flies of all Sorts and Hues you ſee,
 From ev'ry Ditch, and ev'ry Tree;
 Like Duſt in Clouds, or powd'ring Hail,
 Your Face on all Sides they affail;

Eyes,

Eyes, Cheeks, Brows, Lips, and Chin, and Nose,
 Are all attack'd by swarming Foes ;
 You tap them with your Hands in vain,
 No sooner off, but on again :
 Such are the Plagues of human Life,
 Doom'd ever thus to live in Strife,
 With Things so much beneath our Care,
 To wage an everlasting War.

Canst thou, O *Man*, be vain and proud,
 When this must be by all allow'd,
 One *Flea*, one *Wasp*, one *Fly*, one *Drone*,
 Thy Power of thinking can dethrone ;
 If perch'd upon your Lip or Brow,
 Can banish what you thought just now,
 Can break the lab'ring Fancy's Chain,
 And set your Brains to work again.

What Pain the riding Trav'ller feels,
 When *barking Curs* are at his Heels ;

He stops, he turns, he stands at Bay,
 And frights them for a while away ;
 But still they teize, and still pursue,
 And keep the bounding *Steed* in View ;
 'Till one *Cur* bites him to the Bone,
 And almost brings the *Rider* down.

That *Cafe* and his is just the same,
 Who mounts upon the *Horse* of *Fame* ;
 Some envious snarling *Curs* pursue him,
 With eager Malice to undo him ;
 'Till one more fierce than all, thro' Spite,
 Comes up, and gives his *Horse* a Bite ;
 The bouncing *Prancer* kicks amain,
 The *Rider* holds a straiten'd Rein,
 Clings fast until the *Cur* has done,
 The *Cur* flies off, and he rides on.

Poeta nascitur, non fit.

THISTLES are *Asses* Food, we're told
 By learn'd *Philosophers* of Old,
Parnassus' Mount affords a Crop,
 Which spring up far beneath it's Top.
 Of these some *Asses* having heard,
 Their Course about the Mountain steer'd.
 They clamber'd till their Heads turn'd round,
 At last, the prickly Plant they found :
 Loud, hideous Brays their Joys rehearse,
 And, what is more, they bray'd in Verse;
 If not in Verse, at least, in Rhyme,
 For *Ass* to *Ass* return'd a Chime :
 At their own Sound in great Surprise
 They danc'd, but cou'd no higher rise.
 From Critics now, they Bards commence,
 Toning out Sound instead of Sense.
 The *Chardon Juice* had made them hope,
 They soon might be a Match for *Pope*.

But, e'er they left th' enchanted Place,

They proper thought to ask a Grace :

When to *Apollo* thus they pray,

‘ Since from thy Face a genial Ray

‘ Has kindled in us a Fire latent,

‘ Oh grant us a Poetic Patent ;

‘ And that our *Ears*, which now so long

‘ Expose us to the vulgar Throng,

‘ May not extend so high upright,

‘ Or be with *Laurel* hid from Sight.

He, who was with the *Muses* quaffing,

Cou'd scarcely answer them for laughing :

‘ Go to my *Clerks*, quoth he, and see 'em,

‘ Your *Ears* they'll place, that you shan't see 'em.'

'Twas thus, if Fame be not a Fibber,

He serv'd our Poet L——t C——.

They went—'twas done—in Discord join'd,

They sing, and to their Ears are blind :

And tho' one's Bray his Friend surpasses,

They're all a Concert still of *Asses*.

To CELINDA, on her making a Collection of
Poetry.

TO high *Parnassus*' shady Seat,
The *Muses*' ever-green Retreat;
To *Helicon*'s smooth-gliding Stream,
A beauteous Guest, *Celinda*, came.
She came, and as she pass'd along,
Amazement seiz'd the tuneful Throng:
E'en *Phæbus*, he whose piercing Eye
Can all the wide Creation spy,
Confess'd, the wide Creation o'er,
He ne'er saw one so bright before:
E'en when in *Thetis*' Mirror clear,
His own reflected Beams appear.
And now the *Nymph*, with graceful Air,
Thus to each *Muse* address'd her Pray'r.
She spoke—and Silence reign'd around,
The Winds forgot their murmur'ing Sound;
The list'ning Birds forgot their Song,
The Streams the painted Meads among

In mute Attention ceas'd to glide,
And *Aganipe* stopp'd it's Tide.

Hear me, ye *sacred Nine*, she said,
(So may your *Laurels* never fade)

Hear me the pleasing Cause relate,
Why thus I sought your blissful Seat.

Look here (and then a Book she shew'd,
That rich with purple Binding glów'd)

This Book, oh *Muses*, 'tis my Will
That you with Poetry shou'd fill

With Joy the Present I'll receive,
The Present you alone can give.

She said, The willing *Nine* obey,
And each their proper Tribute pay;

Melpomene gave Elegy,
The loftier Ode *Calliope*;

Thalia offer'd Pastoral;
The *Nymph* with Smiles accepts them all

But *Cupid*, who, where'er he came,
Incognito pursu'd the Dame;

Sudden

Sudden reveal'd himself to Light :

Celinda started at the Sight.

Muses, to me restore the Book,

Inrag'd he cry'd, with threat'ning Look !

No Poetry shall here be seen,

But what is wrote by *Cupid's* Pen ;

The Fair no Incense shou'd receive,

But that which suppliant Lovers give :

To fill this Book is *Venus'* Care,

What Bus'ness has the *Muses* here ?

To fill this Book ! not thousands more

Cou'd e'er contain the endless Store

Of Praises, which her Merits claim,

And *Love* cou'd write on such a Theme.

The XIIIth Ode of ANACREON.

ATIS, half Woman, Poets say,

Over the Hills, and far away,

Ran, calling oft *Cybele's* Name,
 To Madness fir'd with an am'rous Flame.
 Some, near the *Clarian* Fountain's Brink,
 To laurell'd *Phæbus* sacred, drink
 Loquacious Streams, and thus inspir'd,
 Aloud exclaim, with Madness fir'd :
 But I, inflam'd with gen'rous Wine,
 Whilst round my Head rich Ointments shine,
 And in my Arms the Fair-one's laid,
 Thus blest'd, I will, I will be mad.

The HAPPY SAVAGE.

O Happy he who never saw the Face
 Of Man, nor heard the Sound of human Voice !
 But soon as born, was carry'd and expos'd
 In some vast Desert, suckled by the Wolf,
 Or shaggy Bear, more kind than our fell Race,
 Who, with his Fellow-Brutes, can range around
 The ecchoing Forest : His rude artless Mind

Uncultivated

Uncultivated as the Soil — he joins
 The dreadful Harmony of howling Wolves,
 And the fierce Lion's Roar ; while far away
 Th' affrighted Traveller retires and trembles,
 Happy the lonely *Savage* ! nor deceiv'd,
 Nor vex'd, nor griev'd, in ev'ry darksome Cave,
 Under each verdant Shade he takes Repose,
 Sweet are his Slumbers — of all human Arts
 Happily ignorant, nor taught by Wisdom,
 Numberless Woes, nor polish'd into Torment,

On Mr. POPE's Death.

POPE dead ! who'll write his monumental Stone ?
 For with him *Phæbus* and the *Nine* are gone.

A N S W E R ' D,

Whoe'er wrote that must surely be a Fibber,
 Tho' *Pope* is dead, yet still lives *Colley Cibber*,

COMPLAINT

COMPLAINT *to the God of Sleep.*

OFFSPRING of *Heav'n*, kind Power of balmy
Rest,

What Crime has made thee loath my troubled Breast?
Beneath the Night Dew-Drop the bending Woods,
And a still Silence calms the slumb'ring Floods;
O'er the rough Rocks no noisy Torrent roars,
And weary'd Waves recline upon the Shores:
My *Eyes* alone continual *Vigils* keep,
While all the *Brute Creation's* hush'd asleep.

The WARY DAMSEL.

CELIA, the beauteous shining Fair,
Of all the youthful Swains the Care!
Ador'd by all, by all address'd,
Had Charms unparallel'd confess'd.
Decius, tho' far advanc'd in Years,
Amidst the Crowd of Youths appears:

Fancies,

Fancies a Coach and Equipage
 May ballance all Decays by Age :
 He judges Riches claim Respect,
 Where youthful Airs can nought effect,
 Proposes large Demesnes t'intail,
 (A Bait that seldom us'd to fail)
 ' And why so coy ? enchanting Fair !
 ' Can't these Proposals reach your Ear ?
 ' This Treasure-Hoard, accept, and this,
 ' As Earnest of our future Bliss,
 ' At *Balls* and *Plays* you shall outshine
 ' All your whole Sex, if you'll be mine.
 ' Make Way, why, Fellow, stand you there !
 ' Are *Lady Decius*' Servants here ?
 ' The Women's Envy you'll be then,
 ' And Admiration of the Men !'
Celia attentive, all he said
 Had heard, and, like a cautious Maid,
 Thoroughly the Bliss propos'd traces,
 Against her Gains, her Losses, places,

Honour

- *Honour* has Charms our Sex to move,
- But where is the Endearment Love ;
- *Wealth*, it is true, affords some Pleasure,
- But where is rich *Content*, that Treasure ?

Thus having canvass'd Things, and weigh'd
In even Ballance all, the Maid
Wifely resolv'd her Choice to fix
On *Tbyrsis*, not a Coach and Six !
The Flame she judg'd, must soon expire,
Whose only Fuel is false Fire.

*Sent to Dr. ——— on receiving a Ticket for
the Benefit of the Lying-in Hospital.*

GROWN old in Service of the Fair,

What can I do to serve them on ?

My Spirits sunk, I do declare

All my Desires are past and gone.

But

But yet, methinks, the Love I owe

To the Fair Sex throughout, bespeak,

I ought in Gratitude to shew

I can't their Memory forsake.

Like to my Strength, my Bounty's small,

But if that will at last them serve;

Let them partake it one and all,

I'd rather want, than they shou'd starve.

An EPITAPH on a Lady's Lap-dog.

READER, if thou canst read at all, thou'lt find,

Here lies the fairest of the speechless Kind;

Descended from an antient, noble Race

Of Ladies *Lap-dogs* in their Ladies Grace.

Miss *Abigail*, (that was the Lady's Name)

From Nature's Hand receiv'd a comely Frame;

Long *Ears*, bright *Eyes*, a short and dimpl'd *Nose*,

A Robe of *Ermin*, spotted filken *Hose*,

With all that Beauty on a *Dog* bestows.

Her

Her acting Principle, think what you please on;
 At least, 'twas next to,—if it was not—Reason;
 Whether her Soul belong'd to Man or Beast;
 Let others with *Pythagoras* contest;
 This I'll affirm, were all dumb Brutes like her,
 To most that talk, the silent I'd prefer.
 Was she, because she never spoke, a Brute?
 How many wou'd appear less such, if mute?
 Brute as she was, her Actions yet were such,
 As to most Men must seem a warm Reproach.
 No Trust she e'er betray'd, no Friend forgot:
 Nor fawn'd on Persons when she lik'd 'em not.
 Choice made her live twelve Moons twice told a
 Maid,

Obedience made her change her State and wed:
 Then, *Phoenix-like*, she yields her latest Breath,
 To make Way for her Second-self by Death,
 Who but must weep the Loss of *Abigail*,
 That, for her Species-sake, thus greatly fell.

To DELIA.

WHEN Poets of Old had a Mind to rehearse,
 A *Phillis* or *Chloe* in amorous Verse;
 In borrowed Beauties, the Fair-one must shine,
 And Nature be rish'd to make her divine;
 The *Lillies* must on her their Whiteness bestow,
 The *Pink* must be robb'd of it's beautiful Glow;
 Unto her the *Violet* it's Sweetness must yield,
 With the *Rose* and each Flow'r that decks out the
 Field.

But when you, my *Delia*, I study to praise,
 Your Charms are sufficient to set off my Lays:
 No Need of the *Lilly*, *Pink*, *Violet*, or *Rose*,
 As you're sweeter than these, so you're fairer than
 those.

The MAN of SENSE.

TO point out Faults, yet never to offend,
 To play the *Critic*, yet preserve the *Friend*,

A Life

A Life well spent, that never lost a Day,
 An easy Spirit, innocently gay,
 A strict Integrity, devoid of Art,
 The sweetest Manners, and sincerest Heart,
 A Soul, where Depth of Sense and Fancy met,
 A Judgment, brighten'd with the Beams of Wit,
 Were ever your's ;—be what you were before ;
 Be still yourself ;—the *World* can ask no more :

On CHLOE'S PICTURE.

WHEN *Chloe's* Picture was to *Chloe* shewn,
 Adorn'd with Charms and Beauties not her own ;
 Where *Hogarth*, pitying Nature, kindly made
 Such Lips, such Eyes, as *Chloe* never had :
 Ye *Gods*, she cries, in Extasy of Heart,
 How near can Nature be express'd by Art !
 Well—it is wond'rous like !—nay, let me die,
 The very pouting Lip, the killing Eye !

—*Blunt,*

— *Blunt*, as severe as *Manly* in the Play,
 Downright replies,—like, Madam, do you say,
 The Picture bears your Likeness, it is true,
 The Canvass painted is, and so are you.

An Ode of HORACE imitated.

Integer Vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c.

WHENCE all this Fear? Whence all this Strife?
 —The Man of strict, unblemish'd Life;
 The Man of Virtue, pure from Stain,
 Whose Thoughts all fordid Thoughts disdain,
 Whose Hands reject flagitious Deeds,
 No Guard of Gun or Pistol needs:
 Drags he thro' *Lincoln Fens*, or *scales*
 The more than *Alpine Hills* of *Wales*;
 Roams he where *Trent*, with many a Maze,
 Thro' many a golden Valley strays;
 Takes *Hounslow Heath* or *Shooter-Hill*,
 Still is he calm and happy still!

Safe in his Chariot, safe from Guilt,
 He starts not at the glitt'ring Hilt ;
 Nor, dogg'd in Fancy thro' the Streets,
 Ten thousand grim Assassins meets ;
 Nor Images with ghastly Stare,
 All Shapes of Vengeance and Despair,
 All Forms of Danger, and of Death,
 Nor bids his Slaves with fault'ring Breath,
 ' Plant Arms, my Friends, at either Door !
 ' Plant Arms behind ! plant Arms before !

Oh ! *Fuscus*, dare but to be just,
 Dare to be faithful to thy Trust :
 Then, and then only, shalt thou find
 The Safety of an honest Mind !
 Then shalt thou feel beyond Pretence,
 That Virtue is the best Defence !
 'Tis not the Youth's ingenuous Pride,
 'Tis not the Weapon by his Side,
 That moves thy Fear, that breaks thy Rest,
 —No—'tis the Dagger in thy Breast !

'Tis—(as by *Swift* divinely told,
 And worthy Characters of Gold)
 'Tis, that the conscious Villain feels
Slow Vengeance, like a *Blood-Hound*, at his Heels!

To Miss M— P—.

DEAR M—, Heaven to thee assign'd
 Youth, Beauty, Wit and Health,

But left to *Nymphs* far less refin'd,
 The *Drapery* of *Wealth*.

A SIMILE.

BOTH Parties exhausted, as wiser Folks tell,
 A Peace was concluded at *Aix la Chapel*,
 And that friendly Bargain to rivet and wedge,
 A trifling small Matter was left for a Pledge.

M 2

So

So, after a Law-suit of infinite Cost,
 When *Nokes* is quite fleec'd, and poor *Styles* has
 quite lost,
 His *Lordship*, their future Behaviours to try,
 Takes a *Cobler* for Bail—and bids 'em Good-bye.

Part of **Mother HUBBARD'S TALE**, from
 SPENCER.

IF right I read, *Dan Ovid's* gentle Strain,
 A *Golden Age* the Book of Fate began;
 The next was *Silver*, and, as that decay'd,
 A *brazen Leaf* the Hand of Time display'd;
 The fourth in *Iron Characters* was spread,
 And our's, the last, and worst, succeeds in *Lead*.
 Hence Dulness herds with Vice, and both conspire
 To damp the *Patriot's* and the *Poet's* Fire:
 Hence mourns the *Muse*, hence rev'rend Learning
 weeps,
 Hence Virtue languishes, and Valour sleeps.

Awake,

Awake, ye *Britons* ! break the sluggish Band
 Of Sloth and Ease ! and purge the guilty Land !
 Hear your own *Spencer* strike the speaking Strings !
 And think he weeps in Fondness as he sings !
 Think you behold his venerable Shade,
 And that for you he rises from the dead !
 The Tale is his, and Brutes the humble Theme,
 But 'tis to polish you he copies them.
 Be wise, at last, nor let the Bard complain,
 He strove to save you, but he strove in vain !

Of Old, the *Fox* and *Ape*, ambitious grown,
 Of Place and Titles, Riches and Renown ;
 Resolv'd, in close Cabal, to quit the Shade,
 And among Courtiers, learn the Courtier's Trade.
 By Nature prompted, both believ'd, their Skill
 Was Fraud and Lies, and all the Arts of Ill.
 At Court they heard, to many a Wretch's Cost,
 These Talents flourish'd, were esteem'd the most.
 To Court they hie, and to deceive the Way,
 Contrive their Plots, and meditate their Prey.

— They meet the *Mule* ; who, with Preferment
proud,

Scarce deign'd to know a Pilgrim on the Road :

With Birth-Day Trappings he was gayly drest,

And Gold and Purple beautify'd his Chest.

Lowly they bow'd, but he with lordly Pride,

O'erlook'd their Homage, all Return deny'd,

For titled Baseness, with imperious Eye,

Regards Distress, or stalks unheeding by,

The subtle *Fox*, dissembling well his Pain,

With artful Softness, thus his Lore began :

Hail to the Day, Sir *Mule*, in which I view

The Child of Virtue honour'd thus in you !

My Friend, my Patron, whom I long foretold

To be in Grandeur's brightest Page enroll'd,

The Pride and Joy of Courts !—vouchsafe to tell

By what blest Chance your Merit thriv'd so well ;

We Wretches gladly wou'd the Goal survey,

And where the nearest Road to Greatness lay.

You best can mark the Mazes you have try'd,

And we shall best succeed with such a Guide.

He

He bow'd, and ceas'd, the *Mule*, by Flatt'ry won,
 Rebuk'd his haughty Heart, and thus begun :

—At Court, 'tis true, I made an early Claim
 Of Place and Pow'r, to gild my humble Name.

But long I vainly struggl'd for the Prize,
 And oft' in Clouds it vanish'd from my Eyes :

Preferment seldom proves an easy Prey,

And oft', in Reach, deceitful slips away.

'Tis gain'd with Labour, but with Ease 'tis lost,

And they, who hold it longest, grieve the most ;

Like Boys on Ice, with winged Heels they slide,

And know their Pain is equal to their Pride :

Loath to retreat, and to proceed afraid,

Urg'd by their Hopes, and by their Fears betray'd.

—But if this Picture of so frail a State

In vain wou'd warn you, and you wou'd be great ;

To those in Pow'r exert your utmost Art,

And give the Praise that's foreign to your Heart ;

Address, apply, importunately bold,

And tell his *Grace* for what you're to be sold.

If flatt'ring, fawning, lying, won't prevail,
 And, Spite of noisy Impudence you fail ;
 Oppose the Man you had caress'd before,
 Distress his Measures, and defy his Pow'r ;
 Cancel your Vows, forego your former Mind,
 And, when you prais'd him, swear your Judgment
 blind ;

Provoke the People to resent his Deeds,
 And feign your Heart for your dear Country bleeds !
 Perhaps he'll feel your Rage, and own 'twas wrong
 That Worth like your's, shou'd want Regard so
 long ;

Perhaps he'll raise you then to high Estate,
 And, when you least deserve it, make you great :
 Two Maxims only are Preferment's Laws,
 And these support the sinking Statesman's Cause.
 Whoe'er can aid to save him from Disgrace,
 Demands a Star, a Title, or a Place.

Whoe'er has Pow'r to throw him from on high,
 Like a huge Meteor flaming down the Sky,

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Is brib'd to spare him.—These the State divide,
And Shares of Pow'r are dealt to either Side.
—No more remains, but that you both appear
As richer, wiser, nobler than you are.

Deceit is Virtue in the Courtier's Eye,
And Fashion gives a Sanction to the Lye.
The Masque of Merit is the most you need,
And who dissembles best, will best succeed.
—Adieu! my State admits no more Delay;
So proudly neighing, he pursu'd his Way.

Sept. 28, 1745.

*Occasioned by the AUTHOR's having been asked,
Why he wrote no Verses on the LORD LIEU-
TENANT.*

ON Pindus' Heights the Nine were seen,
Their Tresses bound with willow Green;
Deep Silence govern'd ev'ry Tongue,
On ev'ry Brow Dejection hung.

Humming

Humming an Air, at early Dawn,
The *God* of Day tripp'd o'er the Lawn;
And, glitt'ring up the Mountain Side,
The tuneless, joyless *Virgins* spy'd.

‘ Why, fairest Offspring of your Sire !
‘ Why slumbers thus the golden Lyre !
 ‘ Whence springs this Shew of Care !
‘ Ev’n Mortals now attune their Voice,
‘ Ev’n *Ireland*’s self can now rejoice,
 ‘ Since CHESTERFIELD is there.

‘ True Source of Heat, and Health, and Verse ;—
And we wou’d STANHOPE’S Praise rehearse, *
 But We—ev’n We are mute ;
The vig’rous Flight, the warbling Strain,
In Praise of him were weak and vain !
 No Sounds his Merit suit.

Others, from us, their Fame derive ;
He, to himself, his own must give ;

Yet

Yet We'll awake the Lyre ;
If thou, great Teacher of the *Nine*,
Will give our well-meant Lays to shine,
And heav'nly Thoughts inspire.

JOHN WARD.

The GENUINE ENGLISHMAN. *A* Familiar
EPISTLE.

THOU' skill'd in *Greek* and *Latin* Tongue,
Which Verse is short, and which is long ;
An *English* Heart and Head I send,
Not as a Scholar, but a Friend.
Here I cou'd prove by wise Example,
In Work voluminous and ample,
That *Homer* taught in *Heathen Greek*,
A Language which he learnt to speak ;
That old *Anacreon* Catches fung
In *Taus* and *Deltas* while but young :

That

That Poets all, except the *Dutch*,
 If Critics will allow 'em such,
 Compose the Poems they excel in,
 In uncouth Rhyme, and aukward Spelling;
 For Blockhead may return from School,
 A *Latin*, *Greek*, or *Hebrew* Fool:
 In Truth and Reason still a Block,
 Tho' deeply learn'd in *Hic*, *Hæc*, *Hoc*.
 Still blund'ring in the learned Road,
 Still stumble on his *Qui*, *Quæ*, *Quod*;
 Still labour in a barren Ground,
 Void of *Sense*, but full of *Sound*:
 Plodding on with muddled Brains,
 And blindly searching dark Remains:
 What *Horace* said, or *Virgil* thought,
 How *Tully* spoke, how *Cæsar* fought;
 While *Britain* scorns to yield to *Rome*,
 Abroad in Arms, in Arts at Home:
 Shall Falshood honest Truth betray,
 Or *Slaves* teach *Freemen* what to say?

Our Worthies shine in brighter Fame,
 Than *Roman* or a *Grecian* Name :
 Ideal *Locke* instructs our Youth
 To understand the naked Truth ;
 While *Newton* leads each ductile Soul,
 From Orb to Orb, from Pole to Pole ;
 From Star to Star, directs our Way,
 As certain and as bright as they :
 With Mother-Tongue, and Mother-Wit,
 A *Prior* and a *Pope* have writ :
 In Home-spun *English* Verse I write,
 What Love of Country can indite ;
 Devoted to our Home-brew'd Drink,
 I speak what *Natives* ought to think ;
 Doubly inspir'd, all Health I send,
 By Country-Ale, to Country-Friend.

The

*The FORCE of LOVE.**Omnia vincit Amor, et nos cedamus Amori.*

VIRG.

LOVE is the Monarch of our Fate,
 And will all conquer, soon or late.
 That this is by Experience true,
 I frankly own,—and so must you.

From Fair to Fair, I gayly rov'd,
 And flatter'd all, but never lov'd ;
 Without the least Concern, I've seen
Celia's Dimple, *Silvia's* Mien.
 Unmov'd I view'd *Corinna's* Eye,
 And laugh'd to hear fond Lovers sigh.
 This *Cupid* saw, and, smiling, cry'd,
 Thou hast too long my Power defy'd ;
 Presuming *Strepbon* !—but I'll see,
 Whence this Insensibility.

He said — and to my Eyes convey'd
Chloe, that dear, enchanting Maid,

Chloe,

Chloe, the Sylphs and Sylphids Care !

Chloe, the fairest of the Fair !

She, in a Moment mov'd me more,

Than all the beauteous Sex before :

Confus'd, and trembling, I confess'd

Love's Pow'r, and thus the *God* address'd.

‘ Gentle *Cupid* lend an Ear !

‘ Be propitious to my Pray'r !

‘ So may your extended Sway

‘ The whole Universe obey.

‘ Dear, gentle *Cupid*, touch her Heart,

‘ Let *Chloe* feel the pleasing Smart.

‘ Then will I gladly hug my Chain,

‘ And never wish for Liberty again.

On CLEMENCY.

HOW sweet to Man the Heav'n-descending
Voice !

O'er frowning Justice, Mercy's Smiles rejoice.

Let

Let not stern Justice, then, alone prevail,
 But let soft Mercy kindly cast the Scale.
 Mercies to God, and God-like Men belong;
 But Right, too rigid, ever turns to Wrong.
 Oh! ne'er forsake Man's Breast the glorious Line!
 ' To err is Human, to forgive Divine!'

An EPIGRAM.

TO sparkling Wit, to Knowledge, and to Sense,
 The World allows *Cleora* has Pretence.
 Envy her not, for still remain behind,
 Malice and Hatred, and an envious Mind.

*On the LADIES wearing GIRDLES in the Year
 1734, with the Words, Liberty, Property, and
 no Excise.*

SIR *Bob* in crowded Senate vainly tries,
 To cramp our Liberties by hard Excise;

While

Whilst that is free which gives Mankind Desire,
 Which lost the World, and set old *Troy* on Fire :
 Still stranger, kept from which by hard Restraint,
 Great *Theodosius* wou'd have turn'd a Saint.
 Go on, dread Knight, and do but spare my Theme,
 Let all Things else be subject to thy Scheme :
 I'll never grumble, never whilst I see,
 It is proclaim'd beneath the Girdle free.

*On Dr. BURDON's escaping a Storm in the
 Yatch, in the Year —*

NOT *Neptune's* Power o'er the Main,
 Nor *Pallas's* Petition vain,
 To drown a Wretch doom'd for some other End ;
 Nor *Venus's* prevailing Prayers,
 Nor *Proteus's* artful Jokes and Airs,
 Conspir'd to save our worthy, honest Friend :
 A Pow'r Supreme, that guards the Just and Good,
 Appeas'd the Storm, and calm'd the angry Flood.

The T O A S T.

WHENCE came the Title, or what lovely Fair
 Did first, or now, the glorious Name does bear,
 'The present Subject of my *Muse* shan't be,
 Since am'rous *Beaux* do daily disagree,
 As much as *Belles* themselves, who shall be she.
 In Truth and Virtue's Charms who strives the most,
 I ever shall declare the reigning TOAST.

*An EPITAPH on a Dog that belonged to her
 late Majesty Queen ANNE.*

By a YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

IF Wit or Honesty cou'd save
 Our mould'ring Ashes from the Grave,
 This Stone had yet remain'd unmark'd,
 I still wrote Prose, and *True* still bark'd;
 But envious Fate has claim'd it's Due,
 Here lies the mortal Part of *True*;
 His deathless Virtues must survive,
 To better us that are alive.

His

His Prudence, and his Wit were seen,
 He own'd the Power, and lov'd the *Queen*:
 By Love, Obedience he confess'd,
 That serving her was to be bless'd.
 Ye Murmurers, let *True* evince,
 That there are Beasts and Dogs have Sense:
 His Faith and Truth all *Whiteball* knows,
 He ne'er cou'd fawn or flatter those,
 Whom he believ'd were *Anna's* Foes.
 Ne'er skulk'd from whence his Sov'reign bid him,
 Nor snarl'd against the Hand that fed him.
 Read this, ye Statesmen now in Favour,
 And mend your own by *True's* Behaviour.

EPIGRAM on the First of April.

NATURE is rising from the dead,
 Frosts and *Scythian* Snows are fled;
Boreas to his Cavern creeps,
 And, tir'd with Winter-blust'ring, sleeps:

Soft *Zephyrs* from the Ocean move,
 The Birth-place of the Queen of Love;
 And o'er the Meadows, Hills and Dales,
 Play with their reviving Gales;
 Chafing all Discontent and Care,
 And ev'ry Sadness, but Despair.
 Ah! *Chloe*, when, my charming Fair?

The LASS's CHOICE.

LET the bold Youth, who aims to win me,
 know,

I hate a Fool, a Clown, a Sot, a Beau;

I loath a Sloven, I despise a Cit,

I scorn a Coxcomb, and I fear a Wit:

Let him be very rich, and very kind;

Charm'd with my Virtues, to my Follies blind.

Let him be gentle, brave, good-humour'd, gay,

Let him in smaller Things with Pride obey;

Yet wise enough in great ones to command:

Produce me but the Youth,—and here's my Hand.

MYRTILLO.

M Y R T I L L O.

A PASTORAL POEM, lamenting the Death of
a FRIEND.

*Dum juga Montis Aper, Fluvios dum Piscis amabit,
Dumque Thymo pascentur Apes, dum rore Cicadæ:
Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt.*

VIRG.

YE weeping *Muses*, with sad Pomp attend,
And pay your Tears to a departed Friend !
Forfake awhile your bright *Castalian* Spring,
And let each Nymph a Cypress-Garland bring.

Ye Swains that lov'd *Myrtillo* on the Plains,
Now sing his Obsequies in mournful Strains :
Come, all his Friends, his Friends he lov'd so dear,
And on his Grave, shed each a grateful Tear,
In Depth of Sorrow, let us all deplore,
Myrtillo's dead ! *Myrtillo* is no more !

'Tis done, and all our verdant Sweets decay,
And gloomy Darkness intercepts the Day ;

'Around the Groves, the od'rous Blossoms lie,
 With him they bloom'd, alas ! with him they die:
 The warbling Birds now hover on the Wing,
 Untaught by him, they quite forget to sing :
 His pensive Flocks unheeded wandring stray,
 And with their Shepherd too, have lost their Way.
 In Depth of Sorrow, let us all deplore,
Myrtillo's dead ! *Myrtillo* is no more !

Behold his Crook neglected where it lies,
 To quench our Thirst his Bottle still denies ;
 His little Cur that watch'd the tender Sheep,
 Upon his Grave now howls himself asleep ;
 His tuneful Reed which daily sooth'd our Cares,
 Now useless grown, upon the Grass appears ;
 And all his Lambkins sportive as they were,
 Now drooping stand, and, bleating, fill the Air:
 In Depth of Sorrow let us all deplore,
Myrtillo's dead ! *Myrtillo* is no more !

Myrtillo

Myrtillo liv'd the Joy of ev'ry Swain,
 Belov'd by all, he rul'd the happy Plain;
 Constant in Friendship, in his Love sincere,
 Prudently gay, and virtuously severe;
 Content with Fortune, and to *Heav'n* resign'd,
 Chearfully bounteous, charitably kind;
 So good, that all who knew him sure was blest,
 When of *Myrtillo's* Company possess'd.
 But now with Sorrow let us all deplore,
Myrtillo's dead! *Myrtillo* is no more!

For him, our Feasts and Sports we yearly held,
 And always crown'd him Master of the Field;
 To him each Nymph, as Pledges of her Heart,
 Presented Garlands wrought with nicest Art;
 He was our Theme, each did his Praises sing,
 And Groves with Repetitions of his Name did ring;
 But now all Pleasure from the Field is flown,
 Since with our Joys, alas! *Myrtillo's* gone.
 In Depth of Sorrow let us all deplore,
Myrtillo's gone! *Myrtillo* is no more!

Alas ! who can the piteous Fall relate,
 Or tell his virtuous Confort's mournful State !
 A Wife possess'd of ev'ry shining Grace,
 So chaste, so just, she cannot bear Encrease ;
 Such bright Perfections were by *Heav'n* design'd
 To bless *Myrtillo's* Arms, and charm his Mind :
 But this sad Loss her widow'd Life attends,
 She wants the best of Husbands, best of Friends,
 In Depth of Sorrow let us all deplore,
Myrtillo's dead ! *Myrtillo* is no more.

Now, all around a glomy Silence reigns,
 And dark'ning Mists o'erspread the lonesome Plains ;
 Those Plains that oft have eccho'd to his Lays,
 Which sweetly lull'd the list'ning Flocks to Ease :
 How often were the blithsome Lasses seen,
 With artless Footsteps, dancing on the Green ;
 Whilst from his Pipe melodious Strains did flow,
 Which made our Hearts with softest Transports
 glow,

But

But now with Sorrow let us all deplore,

Myrtillo's dead ! Myrtillo is no more !

Ah ! hapless I, that live this Day to see,

This Day, alas ! this Day of Woe to me !

No more shall Hills with shrilling Pipes resound,

Nor Boys, nor Virgins, dance with Garlands crown'd ;

Henceforth the Morn shall dewy Sorrows shed,

And Ev'ning Tears upon the Grass be spread ;

When rolling Streams with wat'ry Grief shall flow,

And Winds shall moan aloud, when loud they blow :

In Depth of Sorrow let us all deplore,

Myrtillo's dead ! Myrtillo is no more !

VERSES *written on a Young Gentleman's falling
in Love with a Lady in Church.*

ONE Sunday, entering the House of Prayer,

Damon beheld a matchless Beauty there :

A Nymph so bright, of such a pleasing Grace,

The God of Love sat smiling in her Face ;

The

The little Rogue out of his Quiver drew
 A Dart, that surely wou'd the Business do :
 No Feather better pois'd, a sharper Head
 None had, and sooner none, and surer sped ;
 He bends his Bow, he draws it to his Ear,
 Thro' *Damon's* Heart it drives, and fixes there.

To a YOUNG LADY, on her Birth-Day.

TO Mirth, and Feast, and harmless Sport,
 Let penfive Thought give Way ;
 Ye *Loves* and *Graces*, here resort,
 To celebrate this Day ;
 This Day, *dear Miss*, so justly due
 To Friendship, and my Love for You.

May no dull Care Admittance find,
 To cloud or discompose your Mind ;
 Nor Sadness, with her gloomy Train,
 Nor Sickness cause the smallest Pain ;

With

With Pleasures innocent and gay,

Smooth glide your happy Hours away.

May ev'ry Joy attend you,

Nor Sorrow may you know,

May bounteous *Heav'n* befriend you,

With all it can bestow.

A LAST WILL and TESTAMENT.

TO my dear Wife,

My Joy and Life,

I freely now do give her

My whole Estate,

With all my Plate,

Being just about to leave her.

A Tub of Soap,

A long Cart-Rope,

A Frying-

A Frying-Pan and Kettle ;

An Ashes-Pail,

A Threshing-Flail,

An Iron-Wedge and Beetle,

Two painted Chairs,

Nine Warden-Pears,

A large old Dripping-Platter ;

The Bed of Hay,

On which I lay,

An old Sauce-Pan for Butter.

A little Mug,

A Two-Quart Jug,

A Bottle full of Brandy ;

A Looking-Glass,

To see your Face,

You'll find it very handy,

A Musket true

As ever flew,

A Pound

A Pound of Shot, and Wallet ;

A Leather Sash,

My Callabash,

My Powder-Horn, and Bullet.

An old Sword-Blade,

A Garden-Spade,

A How, a Rake, a Ladder ;

A Wooden-Can,

A Clofe-Stool-Pan,

A Clyfter-Pipe, and Bladder.

A greasy Hat,

My old Ram-Cat,

A Yard and Half of Linen ;

A Pot of Grease,

A Woollen-Fleece,

In Order for your spinning.

A small Tooth Comb,

An Ashen-Broom,

A Can-



A Candlestick, and Hatchet ;

A Coverlid,

Strip'd down with Red,

A Bag of Rags to patch it.

A ragged Mat,

A Tub of Fat,

A Book, put out by *Bunyan*,

Another Book,

By *Robin Rook*,

A Skain, or two, of Spun-Yarn.

An old black Muff,

Some Garden-Stuff,

A Quantity of Borrage ;

Some Devil's-Weed,

And *Burdock*-Seed,

To season well your Porridge.

A Chafing-Dish,

With one salt Fish,

If I am not mistaken ;

A Leg of Pork,

A broken Fork,

And Half a Flitch of Bacon.

A Spinning-Wheel,

One Peck of Meal,

A Knife without a Handle ;

A rusty Lamp,

Two Quarts of Samp,

And Half a Tallow-Candle.

My Pouch and Pipes,

Two Oxen-Tripes,

An Oaken-Dish well carved ;

My little Dog,

And spotted Hog,

With two young Pigs just starved:

This is my Store,

I have no more,

I heartily

I heartily do give it ;
 My Days are spun,
 My Life is done,
 And so I think to leave it.

To ——— *Esq;* on the Death of his LADY.

FLOW, gentle Grief, in melting Numbers flow,
 Expressive of the soft Complaints of Woe.

Shall *Delia*, late the Praise of ev'ry Tongue,
 Sung whilst alive, remain in Death unsung ?
 Genius of Verse, forbid ! not Tears alone
 Suffice, when we her early Fate bemoan.

The Muse a few sad Moments shall employ,
 To speak of her, the once dear Theme of Joy.
 Ye blooming Nymphs, whom Life's best Season
 warms,

Whose Youth effulges, and whose Beauty charms ;
 No more your flow'ry Glories vainly boast,
 Ah, see how soon that flow'ry Glory's lost !

There

There cold in Death's dark Bosom *Delia* lies!
 So Pleasures vanish, and so Beauty flies!
 What late had all the Power that Females know,
 To make the Stubborn bleed, and Gentle glow,
 To quell the Furious, and the Cold to fire,
 To tame the Savage, and the Dull inspire;
 Now press'd beneath a Turf, it charms no more,
 The Scene's shut up, and all the Glory's o'er.
 Such the gay Belle, surviving Belles shall see,
 And such the fairest now, e'er long shall be.

Scarce had our Orb around the central Sun
 Twice thro' the bright celestial Figures run,
 E'er he, who with superior Pleasure joy'd,
 Saw all the Prospects of his Bliss destroy'd.
 Ah! say, my Friend! for thou, or none, dost know,
 Is human Joy a Match for human Woe?
 If, when thou scan'st this blissful Scene of Life,
Delia, thy constant Maid, and faithful Wife;
 Thy fleeting Thoughts the transient Joys pursue,
 And shining Visions swim before thy View;

Then turn th' attentive Mind, and calm survey,
 (If calm thou canst) that sad, ill-fated Day,
 When, never thou to see thy *Delia* more,
 Wept on behind, thy Spouse a Corpse before;
 Thy Friends about, with silent Steps, and slow,
 Blend with thy Grief, and mingle with thy Woe.
 Now o'er the Grave, with Heads inclin'd they bend,
 Thou mourn'st the Spouse, and they lament the
 Friend.

'Till deep is laid the Coffin under Ground,
 And struck with Mould, returns a frightful Sound.
 Ah then! what Words thy inward Pangs can tell?
 Nor Tongue can utter, nor can Tears reveal;
 As all thy dear Delights had pass'd before,
 But to embitter future Ills the more.
 Nor Grief inferior melts my Soul with thine,
 Thy Sighs I sigh, thy Complaints my Complaints adjoin.
 A sad Abrupt amidst our Joys I see,
 Ev'n only Half a Friend survives in thee.
 No more shall *Delia* bless our social Hours,
 With unaffected Wit, and sweet Discourse.

'Twas

'Twas her's to charm, with all the Pow'r of Sense,
 With gen'rous Freedom, Truth, and Innocence;
 Easy, not careless, thoughtful, yet serene,
 Great, without Pride, and humble, but not mean.
 Now *Delia's* gone, no more these Virtues shine,
 Yet still recorded in this faithful Line;
 If aught the Muse can say, the World believe,
 Her Name, her Honour, and her Praise shall live.

VERSES *made at SEA.*

NO more, ye Muses, tell of verdant Plains,
 Where beauteous Nymphs are sung by coward Swains;
 Where *Damon*, big with Love, to Forests goes,
 And am'rous Lowns to Trees declare their Woes;
 Where squeaking Pipes the Fair-one's Worth pro-
 claim,
 And docile Woods learn to repeat her Name;
 Where useless Sighs the Winds to *Phillis* bear,
 And *Damon* only dies in *Metaphor*.

I like Love-Scenes, drawn from the watry Plains,
 Fraught with stout Heroes, and intrepid Swains;
 Where Ports are pretty *Phillis's*, and Lowns,
 When destitute of Nymphs, in Love with Towns;
 Where Sails are th' only Leaves which *Damon* sees,
 And Lovers talk to Masts, instead of Trees;
 Who never sigh, but when the Zephyrs fail,
 Then send a Breeze of Sighs t' improve the Gale.
 In regal State, see here the Sovereign-Swain
 (The Winds his Guards) rides o'er the Subject-Main:
 Hark! with majestic Voice untaught to squeak,
 Steady! he cries, and struts along the Deck:
 The Words far-distant Cabbins quickly learn,
 And steady! steady! ecchoes from the Stern.
 His Heart impatient, he, tho' Billows rise,
 And Leagues divide, salutes her with his Eyes:
 On Top-Mast perch'd, when Drums and Trumpets
 fail,
 They march before to tell the am'rous Tale.
 Does Night approach? e'en then he skims the Deep,
 And flies to kiss his Mistress when asleep.

Quick-

Quick-Sands and Rocks he scorns, fir'd with her
Charms,

Nor quits his Course till harbour'd in her Arms;
Or, if that Bliss, severer Fate denies,
He acts the Lover honestly, and—dies.

The Seamen's Address to the KING. 1748.

MOST gracious Sov'reign Lord, may't please,
T'accept the Homage of the Seas;
Neptune, now under your Command,
Craves Leave to come, and kiss your Hand,
And we, your Servants, Sons to him,
Give you three Cheers from Stern to Stem;
And, pray whilst we can splice a Rope,
You'll live, the Anchor of our Hope:
May you long ride in gentle Gale,
And may your Offspring never fail.
Receive these Tributes as they run,
Rough as the Element they're on:

For they're sincere, howe'er they shew,
 Nor do they from mean Custom flow,
 But from the Sense of what we owe.
 Our Duty does not bounce or boil,
 Our Pens not dipt in *Oxford* Oil.
 We use no Tinsel-Art to prove
 The Force and Ardour of our Love:
 But come, like open-hearted Folk,
 And tell you, We're your Hearts of Oak,
 And true as ever struck a Stroke,
 Nor shall we make our Paper sound;
 With twenty Shillings in the Pound;
 As loyal *Totness* heretofore,
 Tho', if we cou'd, we wou'd give more:
 But we will give you what we can,
 We'll all stand by You to a Man.
 Speak, and we'll let our Pounders fly,
 And make the World dance *Barnaby*.
 Bring the *Pretender* to the Geers,
 And cut off all the Rebels Ears;

Annex *Cape-Breton* to your Crown,
And all your foreign Foes pull down ;

Make *Lewis* and his *French* obey

Your Scepter, keep us but in Pay.

If the *King* asks, Who are you then ?

We humbly answer, Honest Seamen.

Who else dare ask ? We answer bluff,

We're Seamen, Sir, and that's enough.

Upon seeing a Young Lady paint on Glass.

WHEN Beauty, Art and Genius join to form
Some curious Piece, adorn'd with ev'ry Charm,
All vain Pretenders it must soon disarm.

When e'er the Pencil *Flora* takes in Hand,

The Graces ready to assist the Fair,

Wait for Employment, and about her stand,

To soften ev'ry Touch, and sweeten ev'ry Air.

The various Colours with officious Zeal,
 Mix of themselves into the brightest Hue,
 As her fair Hand they sensibly cou'd feel,
 All rivalling each other to outdo,

When Colours, Graces, and the Arts combine,
 To aid sweet *Flora's* elegant Design
 The Piece must, like herself, appear divine.

To a very pretty LADY, on her using Paint.

DON'T, *Celia*, strive that Face to mend,
 Where Nature play'd her Part;
 That *Venus* gave Mankind t'inflave;
 Art spoils the Beauty Nature gave,
 And Nature spoils your Art.

To paint a Ruby, wou'd you let
 The skilful'st Artist try?
 Those Lips, why (more than Rubies red)
 Do you with fading Colours spread,
 That in the using die.

Wou'd

Wou'd you with baser Cerufs daub

A Bust of Alabaſt ?

No ſure it wou'd the Thing debase,

Do you then leſs regard your Face,

That Cerufs there is plac'd.

What daring Hand attempts the Flow'r,

Muſt find his Colours ſhort,

The beauteous Colours that compoſe

Your Face, the Lilly, and the Roſe,

Are but prophan'd by Art.

Who ſees the charming White and Red,

Your riſing Beauties wear,

Can condeſcend t' admire thoſe,

That you before the Evening's Cloſe,

Unſkilful painted there ?

But if ſtill of a new Face fond,

There is a cheaper Way,

Than thus to ſpoil your Features, wear

On your own Face a Smile, ne'er fear,

But thouſands will obey;

An

An EPISTLE to a LADY.

WHEN the Heart aches with Anguish, pines with
Grief,

And *Heav'n* and *you* alike deny Relief;

When ev'n the Flatt'rer, Hope, is no where found,

'Tis hard to feel the Smart, and not lament the
Wound.

Permit me then, to sigh, one last Adieu,

Nor scorn a Sorrow Friendship owes to you:

A Friendship, Modesty might well return;

A Sorrow, Cruelty itself might mourn.

Think how the Miser, pierc'd with inward Pain,
Looks down with Horror on the troubl'd Main;

Or wildly roams along the rocky Coast,

T' explore his Treasures in the Tempest lost;

Hates his own Safety, chides the Waves that roll'd
Himself ashore, but sunk his dearer Gold.

Like him afflicted, pensive, and forlorn,

I look on Life, and all it's Pomp with Scorn.

You

You was the Sweet'ner of each busy Scene,
 You gave the Joy without, the Pain within.
 Pleasure, and you, were both so near ally'd,
 That when I lost the one, the other dy'd.
 Pain too has lavish'd all her killing Store ;
 Nor she can add, nor can I suffer more.

In vain I view'd you with as chaste a Fire,
 As Angels mingle, or as Saints admire ;
 By Reason prompted, Passion had no Part,
 A virtuous Ardour, that refin'd the Heart.
 In vain I sought a Friendship free from Fault,
 Where Sex and Beauty were alike forgot :
 A Friendship by the noblest Union join'd,
 The female Softness, and the manly Mind.
 Courage to conquer Evils, or endure,
 Sweetness to sooth the Pain, and Smiles to cure.
Scandal, a busy Friend, in Truth's Disguise,
 Like Fame, all cover'd o'er with Ears and Eyes,
 Learns the fond Tale, and spreads it as she flies.

Nor

Nor spreads alone, but alters, adds, defames,
 Affects to Pity tho' her Duty blames,
 Feigns not to credit all she sees or hears,
 But hopes the Evil only in her Fears.
 Pretends to weigh the Fact in even Scale,
 And wish, at least, that Justice may prevail.
 Insinuates, dissembles, lies, betrays,
 Plays the whole Hypocrite such various Ways,
 That Innocence itself must suffer Wrong,
 And *Honour* bleed the Prey of *Slander's* Tongue.

Such is my Fate, so grievous my Distress,
 Condemn'd to suffer, but deny'd Redress :
 Too fond of Joy, too sensible of Pain,
 To part with all that's dear, and not complain :
 Too delicate, to injure what I love,
 Or ask the Pity Fame will ne'er approve.
 What more remains, then, but to drop my Claim,
 And by my Conduct, justify my Flame ?
 Burst the dear Bands that to my Heart-strings join,
 And sacrifice my Peace to purchase thine ?

As the fond Mother, who delirious eyes
 Her dying Babe, will scarce believe it dies :
 But strains it still with Transport in her Arms,
 Dwells on it's Lips, and numbers o'er it's Charms ;
 Pleads that it slumbers, and expects, in vain,
 To see the little *Cberub* live again.
 So my torn Heart must all the Sorrows move,
 That torture Constancy, or sadden Love :
 Yet fondly follow your dear Image still,
 Fancy I hear you speak, I see you smile :
 Doat on a Phantom, idolize the Name,
 And wish the Shade and Substance were the same.

Alas ! how fruitless is the idle Pray'r !
 The Joys imagin'd, real the Despair.
 Like *Adam*, forc'd his *Eden* to forego,
 I lose my only Paradise below,
 And dread the Prospect of succeeding Woe.

LINES *written extempore* in a LADY'S Guide
to Devotion.

SEE here what lovely Shape Devotion bears,
When kneeling Beauty bends in pious Pray'rs ;
How all the Saint the Virgin does improve,
And fires our Souls with something more than Love ;
Bids us to Virtue like her own aspire,
And into Glory sanctifies Desire.
By Beauty lur'd, we gaze upon the Shrine,
And catch'd the holy Flame that burns within.
All other Arts the Lover now disdains,
Nor brittle Vows he brings, nor flatt'ring Strains ;
Conscious that Virtue only here must plead,
And that which gains us *Heav'n* must win it's fav'rite
Maid.

Thus, thou blest Nymph, beyond this Grave, divine,
At once the Soul doth ravish, and refine ;
Thyself our most exalted Bliss below,
And surest Guide to that which Angels know.

Part of the LXVIIIth Psalm paraphrased.

I.

LET God, once great in Anger, rise
 Against his Rebel Enemies,
 A sudden Dread shall shoot thro' all the Host,
 Their Strength all wither'd, and their Fierceness lost.
 Then shall they in Confusion and Amaze,
 Thro' silent Woods, and unfrequented Ways,
 Scatter'd recede : In vain they fly,
 What Screen from th' omnipresent Eye ?
 Can aught their wretched Flight secure ?
 What Shield against th' ALMIGHTY POW'R ?

II.

As Smoak, when driving Tempests rise,
 Soon leaves the Ken of mortal Eyes,
 Or as the Wax, which quick decay,
 Before the Flame consumes away ;
 So shall the Wicked all
 At thine offended Presence fall,
 Whilst nought but Vengeance shall be found,
 And Death in all his Horrors rage around.

But

III.

But let the Righteous banish Fear,
With Joy th' ALMIGHTY'S Prefence bear;
He shall their Songs of Praise employ,
Their GOD to save, and not destroy;
His Mercy as his Wrath shall stand confest,
And as the Wicked die, the Virtuous shall be blest.

IV.

With Love, with Joy, with holy Transport, sing,
Let *Seas, Earth, Air,* and *Heav'n's* wide Concave
ring,
With joint Acclaim to GOD for ever KING.

Let universal Nature join,
To celebrate the Pow'r divine.
'Tis GOD, the first, th' eternal Cause,
'Tis He who sets the World it's Laws ;
O'er *Seas, Earth, Air*, his Sway maintains,
And holds th' Immensity of *Heav'n* in Reins.

Say,

V.

Say, whence these Sighs and Tears? to shew

The Orphan's Want, or Widow's Woe?

God in his holy Mansion hears

Their mournful Cries, and pious Pray'rs.

He hears, nor is he slow his Help to send,

The Orphan's Father, and the Widow's Friend.

The fiercest Discord he controuls,

And breaths the same Desires in diff'rent Souls,

And scatter'd, whilst the Foes to Virtue roam,

Some Wood their Shelter, or some Den their Home:

Then, when no other Hopes are left, than he,

The blessed Author of sweet Liberty,

Breaks the tyrannic Bonds, and sets the Captive

free.

VI.

O God, when clad in terrible Array,

Thro' the parch'd Wilderness thou took'st thy Way,

The *Earth* with strange Convulsions shook,

Unable to sustain thy Look;

Ev'n *Sinai* trembl'd as it's God drew nigh,

And, nodding, own'd the DEITY.

Thick heavy Clouds with gather'd Darknes lowr'd,

And from their breaking Wombs a fruitful Deluge
pour'd.

Then didst thou send the gracious Rain,

When thine Elect were sad ;

And smiling Fields reviv'd again,

Again the Earth was glad.

DICK the SEXTON's SOLILOQUY.

I.

A Miner by Trade,

With a Mattock and Spade,

(But to what a blind Chance do we trust !)

I dig like a Mole,

But find after all,

I've nothing to hoard up but Dust.

When

II.

When a Son's solemn Knell,
Opes a Miser's deep Cell,
How gently I heave up the Stones ;

But how I bemoan
His Fate — and my own,
For there's nothing to pick but the Bones.

III.

Not many Feet thence,
Lies a Wit of bright Sense ;

To work I manfully go :

Lack-a-day ! how I pout,
When nought I turn out,
But a Thing like the Skull of a Beau !

IV.

Here lies honest Ned,
Who drank himself dead,

But when to the Bottom I dip,
 Tho' he water'd his Clay,
 Both by Night and by Day,
 I shall find him as dry as a Chip.

V.

Then, ye Sots, and gay Cits,
 Ye Misers, and Wits,
 You had better sit down, and agree ;
 Tho' you make such a Rout,
 And flutter about,
 Dick the Sexton can tell what you'll be.

E P I G R A M.

MOPSA whipping her Scarf on, scuds away to the
 Park,
 And cries, for a *Venus* I'll pass in the Dark.
 With her Hoop spreading wide, and her soft footbing
 Tale,
 She knows her coarse Features may sometimes pre-
 vail.

Well,

Well, the Baggage plays arch, thus to wound in the
 Night,
 Since her Face wou'd strike dead, if reveal'd in the
 Light.

An Imitation of HORACE, Book III. Ode IX.

DAMON and LYDIA.

I.

ONE Ev'ning the loveliest Pair,
 That ever frequented the Plain,
 Bright *Lydia*, th' all-conqu'ring Fair,
 And *Damon*, the beautiful Swain,
 Sat down in a *Jeffamine* Grove,
 Where a murmuring Rivulet stray'd,
 When *Damon*, to kindle old Love,
 Thus softly reproached the Maid.

II.

D. O *Lydia* ! while I was that He
That only was blest'd with your Charms,
And never a Shepherd but me,
Clasp'd in that soft Circle, your Arms ;
Then *Damon* all-cheerful did sing,
And his Happiness yielding to none,
Despis'd all the Pomp of a King,
And flighted a glittering Throne.

III.

L. False *Damon* ! the Virgin reply'd,
Whilst you true and constant did prove,
Consuming whole Days by my Side,
In sighing and talking of Love ;
Whilst *Phillis*'s Beauty did yield
To mine in your delicate Eye,
Then I was the Pride of the Field,
No Queen was so happy as I.

D. Ah !

IV.

D. Ah ! name not that beautiful Dame,
She has totally ravish'd my Heart,
Her Charms set me all in a Flame,
Which she fans with her musical Art ;
For one Touch of that powerful Breath,
Wounds a Heart as it pierces an Ear ;
For her I wou'd freely meet Death,
Wou'd the Powers my Goddess but spare.

V.

L. *Alexis*, the bloomingest Youth
That treads on the flowery Plains,
With innocent Arts, and pure Truth,
My Heart not unwilling detains ;
Still burning with mutual Desire,
Unbroken Delights we enjoy ;
Far oft'ner than once I'd expire,
To save the adorable Boy.

VI.

D. But now if my Heart shou'd return
 To the Duty it owes thee again,
 Leave *Pbillis* to sorrow and mourn
 A Conquest she cou'd not maintain;
 If humbly thy Pardon he'll crave,
 And sigh when he thinks of the Time,
 He slighted thy Love, wilt thou leave
 Thy *Damon* to die for his Crime?

VII.

L. Ah! no, tho' *Alexis* the Fair,
 His Charms like a Planet displays,
 And thou art inconstant as Air,
 And wrathful as bellowing Seas;
 Yet with thee a long Series of Years,
 Like a Minute of Joy I'd consume,
 And at Death not lament thee with Tears,
 But lay myself down in thy Room.

ADVICE to a WIFE.

LET nothing your unfully'd Beauties cloud,
Be always chearful, but be never loud.

Ev'n *Juno's* self set Deities at Odds,
And oft' made Uproars in the blest Abodes :
For, if we may believe what Poets sung,
Imperial *Jove* was pester'd with a Tongue.
Where Pets prevail, sweet Concord's broken soon ;
The String, which jarrs, is always out of Tune.

Let no Distrusts your settled Peace disturb,
Which irritate the Mind, but seldom curb :
So the cold Humour, which on Lime we pour,
Inflames those Parts, which quiet were before,
Reproaches seldom cool our loose Desires,
But leave a Stink, and raise domestick Fires.

May no Surmises lie conceal'd below ;
A rankling Breast creates a fullen Brow :

The

The Sulphur rages most in Caverns pent,
And shocks that Earth which cannot give it Vent.

Just Wit to furnish the politer Joke ;
A Spirit, just enough not to provoke :
Genteel Demeanour, and superior Sense,
And Ease, a just Remove from Indolence :
Oeconomy, which nought superfluous spends ;
And is least frugal when we have our Friends :
These be your Aim : The something further still,
Which hits the good Men's Humours when they're
ill ;

There goes to feed a hymeneal Flame,
Th'engaging somewhat, which still wants a Name :
The wiser Wife alone this Secret knows ;
This is the Girdle Beauty's Queen bestows.

To a COURTIER.

WHY do you thus your Friend deceive ?
You always promise, never give.

If

If thus you're steadfast to your Lie,

Prithee, good Sir, for once deny.

A WINTER'S THOUGHT.

I.

THE Man, whose Constitution's strong,
And free from vexing Care his Mind,
As changing Seasons pass along,
Can in them all a Pleasure find.

II.

Not only in the teeming Bud,
The opening Leaf, and lively Bloom,
(Urg'd by the Sap's ascending Flood)
And Fruit far-knitting in it's Room.

III.

Not only when the smiling Fields,
In all their Gaity appear,
And the Perfume their Bosom yields,
On balmy Wings the Zephyrs bear.

In

IV.

In Morning fair, and Evening mild,
The murmuring Brook, and cooling Shade,
The Notes of Birds in Concert mild,
And *Philomela's* Serenade.

V.

Not only in the waving Ear,
And Branches bending with their Load,
Or while the Produce of the Year,
Is gather'd in, and safely stow'd.

VI.

Pleas'd in the Year's Decline, he sees
The fading Leaf diversify'd,
With various Colours, and the Trees
Strip, and stand forth in naked Pride.

VII.

Each hollow Blast, and hasty Shower,
The rattling Hail, and fleecy Snow,
The candy'd Rhine, and scatter'd Hoar,
And Ificles which downward grow.

The

VIII.

The shining Pavement of the Flood,
To which the youthful Tribe resort ;
And Game, which the discover'd Wood
Exposes to the Fowler's Sport.

IX.

The Greens, which Winter's Blaſt defy,
Thro' native Strength, or human Care,
In Hedge, or ſoft Orangery,
All a new Source of Pleaſure are.

X.

The Sun, which from the northern Signs,
Scorch'd with unſufferable Heat,
Now in a milder Glory ſhines,
And every glancing Ray is ſweet.

XI.

The Silver Moon, and every Star,
Now forth to full Advantage ſhine,
And by the richeſt Scene, prepare,
For nobleſt Thoughts the enlarged Mind.

Even

XII.

Even when the Mornings slowest rise,
Sweetly the Nights can pass away,
In Lucubrations with the Wife,
Or social Pleasures with the Gay.

XIII.

And when the Winter tedious grows,
And length'ning Days Cold stronger bring,
An unexhausted Pleasure flows,
From Expectation of the Spring.

XIV.

So he, whose Faculties are sound,
His Heart upright, and Conscience clean,
Agreeably can pass the Round
Of Life in every changing Scene.

XV.

Not only in his youthful Bloom,
And while his Strength continues firm,
But when the Days of Evil come,
And Age prepares him for the Worm.

Thankfulness

XVI.

Thankfulness gives his Comfort Weight,
 And Patience lightens every Ill,
 And in whatever Ground he's set,
 Hope does with pleasing Prospects fill.

XVII.

Faith in a *Father's* changeless Love,
 Whose *Christ* will speedily appear,
 And make eternal Spring above,
 And all his Damps and Darknefs clear.

To a PERFIDIOUS MISTRESS.

WAS it, Perfidious! was it then decreed,
 That only I must for thy Falshood bleed?
 Canst thou, forgetful of thy Fame, begin,
 To slight thy Ruin, and enjoy the Sin?
 Cou'd Pride, cou'd Honour check thy Heart no more,
 Fond to be thought that wretched Thing a Whore;
 That

That last Extreme of unsurpassing Shame,
 A Whore—oh ever-branded be the Name !
 Was it for this in an unguarded Hour,
 When Love resign'd you wholly to my Pow'r,
 When you with Tears the moving Pray'r address'd,
 And hush'd th' unruly Rebel in my Breast.
 (What Force wou'd not thy melting Language quell,
 Still on my Ear the thrilling Accents dwell !)

Ah what, my dear, dear *Silvio* ! what can move
 This Rage (you cry'd) 'tis Falshood, not your Love?
 Has Truth, has Innocence, like mine, no Plea ?
 Ah hold ! nor let me charge my Fate on thee.
 Stab'd with the Sounds I bad my Heart forbear ;
 Yes, witness Love, I spar'd the weeping Fair.
 For this deny'd my Soul thy pleasing Charms,
 —To lose thee to a treacherous Rival's Arms.
 Sure I was then belov'd, and oh ! you swore,
 That gen'rous Pity still endear'd me more.
 False were those Vows, all false, a specious Feint,
 For, oh ! the Serpent lurk'd behind the Saint.

My

My Virtue, but your close Resentment rais'd,
 Your Heart reproach'd me, while your Flatt'ry
 prais'd.

—Yet, Fair forsworn, beyond Redemption lost,
 Whose scorn'd Affection now no more I boast;
 Tho' hurry'd on by an impetuous Gust
 Of heedless Passion, and remorseless Lust,
 Tho' quite resign'd to Pleasure, you employ
 Your utmost Stretch to Vice, and flatt'ring Joy;
 Can thy mean Soul to viler Prospects bend,
 And to the Guilt of fordid Bribes descend?
 To tasteless Age, and swift Disease be sold,
 The Hire of ev'ry Ruffian's Lust for Gold!
 Condemn'd to languish out thy Beauty's Prime,
 Wretch! shall I think, and not reproach the Crime?
 Oh *Cynthia*! if a bleeding, breaking Heart,
 Can touch thy senseless Breast with gen'rous Smart;
 Hear me, if Pity, Love, or Fate can plead,
 If yet thou art not lost to Shame indeed:

Turn, fair Deceiver, 'tis my last Request,
 'Tis all thou e'er canst do to make me blest;
 Turn, and prevent thy own untimely Fate,
 For mine, alas ! I ask not—'tis too late.

O hard to Sorrows, which thy Miseries cost !
 To all my virtuous Hopes entirely lost ;
 Torn from my faithful Arms, for ever torn,
 Mourn'd by the Youth thy Guilt condemns to mourn ;
 Tho' ne'er, must our forbidden Loves renew,
 Pleas'd shou'd I, yet, thy wish'd Recovery view,
 See thee restor'd in penitential Charms,
 Clasp'd in my blest, but undesiring Arms.
 Robb'd of thy Innocence, my dearest Store,
 I prize the Hours of joyless Life no more.
 My purer Soul, that seeks the happier Sky,
 Casts for thy fear'd Return a longing Eye,
 And waits, but one short Glance, to bless thy
 Change, and die.

The Mock Lover.

AS wanton *Strephon*, on a Day,
 Made Love to *Celia*, but in Play,
 Talk'd, kifs'd, and sigh'd, and never thought
 That Love by mocking cou'd be caught;
Cupid, that little dang'rous Boy,
 Was present at his sporting Joy,
 And by his Mother *Venus* swore,
 That Love a Jest shou'd be no more.
 The angry *God* straight flung his Dart,
 And soon transfix'd the Shepherd's Heart.
 Full of Revenge, his Bow he drew,
 Which made Words, seem in Jest, prove true;
 For *Strephon*, now th' unhappy Swain,
 Feels Pain, for counterfeiting Pain.

The LOVER'S FAREWEL to his MISTRESS.

AH! must I lose my dearest *Kitty*!
 So entertaining, and so pretty!
 So entertaining sure, that nought
 Flew swifter than the Hours I thought;
 The Hours I thought too swiftly flew,
 While in Discourse, my Fair, with You:
 So pretty, she, devoid of Art,
 Soon took Possession of my Heart;
 No Wonder then I griev'd shou'd be,
 To lose her much-lov'd Company.
 Time that with her ran swiftly on,
 Will seem too slow when she is gone;
 But shou'd my charming *Kitty* stay,
 The Hours too soon will pass away.
 Go where the Fates have thee assign'd,
 You leave my Sight, but not my Mind:
 You, in my Heart I'll always bear,
 You've fix'd your lovely Image there;

No Time or Absence shall remove
My dearest *Kitty* from my Love.

POLTIS, *King of Thrace, or the Peace-maker:*
A TALE, from Plutarch. Address'd to the
Powers of Europe, 1726.

E'ER *Europe's* Peace is broken quite,
E'er Fleets and Armies meet in Fight,
E'er Blood is spilt, and Treasure spent,
E'er Crowns are lost, and Kingdoms rent,
Ye jarring Powers, with Patience hear
A Tale from *Plutarch* worth your Ear.
When *Greeks* revengeful had decreed,
Against the *Trojans* to proceed;
'Twas thought expedient to take in,
What neighb'ring Forces they cou'd win;
That by collected Rage and Strength,
The Town might be subdu'd at length.

Ambassadors among the rest,
To *Poltis* carried their Request.

The *Thracian* tardy as the *Dutch*,
 Car'd not for War and Mischief much
 But warily the Cause enquir'd
 That had the *Grecian Chiefs* inspir'd
 With hostile Fury ! —————
 'Twas told with Circumstances strong,
 That *Menelaus* had suffer'd Wrong,
 From *Paris* unprovok'd,—and how
 Th' Adulterers liv'd together now !
 But that, with his concurring Aid,
 They were not in the least afraid,
 But *Helen* shou'd be had again,
 And *Troy* laid level with the Plain.

He, good and wise, the Matter weigh'd,
 And then in peaceful Manner said,—
 Is that your Quarrel ? that your Strife ?
 Is all this Pother for a *Wife* ?
 For Shame, ye *Greeks*, your Anger stifle,
 Nor break the Peace for such a Trifle :

What,

What, tho' the Rape was most injurious,
 Consider, *Paris'* Love was furious !
 'Twas wrong the *Grecian* to supplant,
 And 'twere so, shou'd the *Trojan* want ;
 Both must have Wives—come, I have two,
 And for the Sake of Peace, and You,
 (Tho' both are as belov'd by me,
 As Wives in Conscience ought to be)
 I'll one to that same *Trojan* send,
 And t'other to my *Grecian* Friend,
 If either of 'em shou'd again,
 For Want of female Flesh complain,
 The Devil's in him !—for my Part,
 I'm satisfied with all my Heart ;
 And must be very sick of Life,
 When I take Cudgels for a Wife.

The *Greeks* most heartily despise,
 The *Thracian* King, and his Advice :
 They Headlong to the Battle rush'd,
 And ten long Years for Conquest push'd ;

Loft many Pounds, and many Lives,
 Worth twenty times as many Wives.
 And when, at last, the War was o'er,
 What was it from the Field they bore?
 Why, *Falstaff's Honour*, and a *Whore*.

On the Unreasonableness of sensual Pleasures.

ANTIENTS or Moderns have not known,
 Or ne'er declar'd the fatal Cause,

Why they that Reason have alone,

Act contrary to Reason's Laws.

Beasts on no foreign Helps depend,

But wisely for themselves provide;

Self-Preservation is their End,

And Nature is their only Guide.

While Souls of Men, themselves to teize

Consenting, tho' with Reason fraught,

Are anxious for the Body's Ease,

But on themselves scarce spend a Thought.

The

The Pleasures they thro' that receive,
With Joy and Rapture they embrace ;
What shou'd themselves from Cares relieve,
Among their Thoughts ne'er has a Place.

Gallants the Lady's Heart to gain,
And Pleasure to the Fair to give,
Thus often suffer willing Pain,
And chearful their own Quiet leave.

When, by some wild Debauch the Course
And Frame of Nature is disturb'd,
The Doctor's call'd ; by all the Force
Of Art, the growing Ill is curb'd.

But when Ambition's Curse, by Stealth,
Or Avarice invades the Breast ;
Thinking itself in perfect Health,
The Soul is stupidly at Rest.

Thus

Thus 'tis reported the *Jackal*

Careful the *Lion's* Prey prepares,
Neglects her Young, herself, and all,
Nor touch the Food provided dares.

For solid Pleasure, we shou'd leave
The vain imaginary Scene,
If we cou'd our lost Sense retrieve,
Our Souls think for themselves again.

We soon shou'd quit the empty Joy,
If once we cou'd but well conceive ;
We're pamp'ring up a gaudy Toy,
Which we with Grief must shortly leave.

*On the Death of a YOUNG LADY's Squirrel,
called Pug.*

SHALL *Pug*, the blooming Nymph's peculiar
Care,

Resign to Fate, without one decent Tear ?

Without

Without one pitying Muse t' attend the Herse,
 And celebrate her Praise in grateful Verse?
 Methinks I see the sprightly, wanton Creature,
 The briskest, nimblest, pleasankest in Nature,
 (For tho' depriv'd of antient Home, and Friend,
 'Twas pleas'd in Exile, sportive tho' confin'd,
 Who'd Freedom chuse, when Goodness does restrain?
 When Beauty binds, who wou'd not hug a Chain?)
 Methinks I see her with a Tale elate,
 On Table perch'd, the pregnant Filbert grate?
 Then traverse o'er a Couch, then mount a Chair,
 Now weaving none knows what, now leaping here,
 now there.

Sure it's own Web the pretty Artist wrought,
 Since to a Period 'twas so quickly brought,
 To such Amusements only cou'd she rise,
 When Art did curb, and Kindness civilize.
 E'er this you'd seen her in the Forest wild,
 Inhabitant aloft where Eagles build;
 Swift as the Light'ning, when as Air 'twas free,
 Scud up the Body of the royal Tree,

Or

Or on the loftiest Branches sleep, or run,
 Defy the Weather, and enjoy the Sun.
 (As careless Sailors on the Top-mast snore,
 When the Wind rages, and the Billows roar)
 Her Body shelter'd by her bushy Train,
 Her screen against the Heat, *Umbrella* from the Rain.
 Or when descending from superior Air,
 Beheld her sinking like a falling Star,
 Then in Mid-way correct her fleet Career.
 And when expected panting on the Ground,
 Vault upward with a quick surprizing Bound ;
 From Bough to Bough, from Tree to Tree advance,
 And boldly on the nodding Summits dance.
 Then might you view among the stately Woods
 A Chace in Æther, level with the Clouds,
 Pleas'd with the Sport, the Croud wou'd shout around,
 And joyful Eccho answer to the Sound.
 The pliant Tumbler Nature had endow'd
 With brisk mercurial Juice instead of Blood,
 And strung each Sinew with elastic Force,
 To rise with Ease, and check the steepest Course.

Her

Her Motions with such Nimbleness express'd,
 You'd, wond'ring, question whether Bird or Beast.
 With less Agility *Camilla* born,
 Skimm'd o'er the rising Surge, and waving Corn.

But I describe with vain successless Strife,
 What was perpetual Motion all and Life.
 I'm with Variety of Action cross'd,
 And in unnumber'd Prettinesses lost.
 Oh! wou'd *Apollo*, with that easy Mien,
 Supply the meanest of his sacred Train,
 With which *Catullus* the Disaster wail'd
 Of charming *Lesbia*, when her Sparrow fail'd!
 (For whether Loss, or Lady we compare,
 The Bird was worthless, nor was *Lesbia* fair.)
 Pug in immortal Lines shou'd yet survive,
 What * *Brandy* cou'd not, *Helicon* shou'd give:

The

* Brandy was given it when dying.

The OLD COQUETTE.

• PR'YTHEE, old *Riga*, Paint give o'er,
 These Ribbands, and that youthful Dress;
 For these grey Hairs betray Fourscore,
 And Nature in Decay confess.

Those Eye-brows, which from Mouse you steal,
 'Tis true we for their Sleekness prize,
 But then (what they can ne'er conceal)
 We curse the more your rheumy Eyes.

This Cheek is smooth, but ah! on that
 The wrinkl'd Paint betrays a Cranny;
 You look at once, I know not what—
 This Side a *Venus*—that a *Granny*—

Your Faults of Age we doubly see,
 When them in vain with Art you'd mend;
 Seem old and ugly as you be,
 And, *Riga*, Faith, you'll less offend.

To pretty Miss H——LT——N.

LET but my Painter take your Picture,
And I shall think myself a Victor.

But hold—what Painter dare to trace

The various Beauties of your Face ?

The lively'st Colours he cou'd paint,

For your bright Charms wou'd be too faint ;

Apelles, was he now alive,

With all his Skill in vain might strive :

Tudor, or *Pope*, howe'er may try,

If you wou'd sit, and I stand by ;

For one or t'other must outdo

Ev'n *Venus*, when they look on You.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

AID, *Heav'nly Muse*, to shun supine Desires,
Vain Beauty's Pride, and Youth's fantastic Fires,

And

And try, if thou this sensual Heart canst move
To sacred Ardours, and seraphic Love.

'Tis done, my Thoughts ascend, and pleas'd behold
Angelic Forms, with Crowns of splendid Gold;
Thro' Faith, my dear *Redeemer* there I view,
His Glories ever, as my Wonder new.
Mercy and Love his every Look displays,
Which light whole *Heav'n* with their resplendent
Rays;

Myriads of Angel-Choirs his Throne surround,
And in his Praise eternal Anthems found:
There Seraphims with zealous Transports glow,
And Bliss ineffable, eternal, know.
Oh come dear *Saviour*! pure, celestial Guest!
And form thy lovely Image in my Breast.
For the big Prize, I eye th' etherial Goal,
And Hope, with active Pow'rs, impells my Soul.
In Extasy of Bliss, my Thought takes Wings,
And I no more am charm'd with mortal Things.

But

But oh ! too soon the heav'nly Vision flies,
 And worldly Objects croud before my Eyes ;
 Temptations press me close, a num'rous Band,
 Which find me oft too feeble to withstand :
 Come, some kind Saint, and teach me how to soar,
 (One who has 'scap'd those Syren Charms before) }
 Where fading Glories ne'er can tempt me more.
 So,—ready at th' expected Bridegroom's Sound,
 With the wise Virgins shall my Lot be found ;
 There plac'd and welcom'd as a nuptial Friend,
 My Joys shall, like my Being, never end.

FILIAL REFLECTIONS *on the Loss of a*
 MOTHER.

S^HE's gone ! her Soul has urg'd a wond'rous
 Flight,
 And reach'd the Goal of everlasting Light ;
 Her mortal Part, which Pains no longer waste,
 Sleeps peaceful, where the Weary are at Rest.

Her Years prolong'd to venerable Age,
 Not snatch'd like ——— early from the Stage.
 She, like a ripen'd Sheaf, at Harvest seen,
 He quickly blighted in his youthful Green.
 Regard her tedious Conflict with Disease,
 And say, why Death, her Triumph ! shou'd displease ?
 Why do our Tears await her bless'd Demise,
 That wings her happy Spirit to the Skies ?
 Doubt we the Bliss a virtuous Soul obtains,
 When disengag'd from painful earthly Chains ?
 Oh ! no, we shou'd, we do, with rapt'rous Joy,
 Our Praises for her heav'nly Crown employ ;
 Yet Tears perforce for our own Loss will flow,
 Of her, whose Parallel is scarce below :
 And there's a Thought might raise our frequent
 Sighs,
 Left failing to her Virtue's Height to rise,
 We ne'er shou'd reach her Mansion in the Skies.
 Forbid it, Grace divine, we e'er shou'd prove,
 Objects unworthy the *Redeemer's* Love,
Whom

Whom she, by Precept and Example taught
 To aim at *Heav'n*, and set this World at Nought:
 Let *Heav'n* be more than ever now our Care,
 Since we are sure to find our Mother there.
 When the short Fable of our Lives is told,
 And on the Tombs our transient Names enroll'd;
 Or the wak'd Dead have heard th' *Archangel's* Blast,
 And the dread *Judge* the final Sentence pass'd;
 Oh! let her not among the blissful Train,
 To find her Offspring turn her Eyes in vain!
 Hope we again to see our Parent's Face?
 Oh! let our Thoughts and Lives her Virtues trace.
 How patient 'midst the ruffling Storms of Life,
 Her peaceful Mind, averse to wrangling Strife:
 The strange Perverfeness of bad Minds she mourn'd,
 But, like her *Saviour*, Good for Ill return'd.
 The Substance of Religion mov'd her Zeal,
 To *God*, intense Desire,—to Men, good Will:
 Devotion her Delight, and daily Care,
 But Modes and Forms to her indiff'rent were.

Did any, pain'd in Mind, or Fortune, grieve?
 Her Words wou'd counsel, and her Hand relieve.
 If Strife between contending Neighbours rose,
 Her Prudence, oft, the Diff'rence wou'd compose,
 Advise to better Temper, and invite
 To tread the Paths that were her own Delight.
 Be such our Lives—that when the destin'd Hour
 Assigns our Frames to Death's resistless Pow'r,
 The gloomy Vale no Horrors may excite,
 But Hope extend a Beam of pleasing Light,
 To cheer our Souls, and point their certain Way,
 To heav'nly Regions, and eternal Day.

To CÆLIA, in the Country. January.

I.

FROM the dull City, whelm'd in Woe,

I to my *Cælia* write,

With Eyes that never cease to flow,

Not heed the dawning Light,

While,

While, *Cælia*, you're so far away,
I hate the Night, I curse the Day.

II.

Oh haste, my charming Maid, to Town,
And blefs once more my Eyes;
Then Floods of Woe shall cease to drown,
And Tides of Pleasure rise.
Oh haste to raise your drooping Swain,
And ease my Heart of all it's Pain.

III.

The Trees, my Dear, have lost their Leaves,
The Fields no more look green;
Make haste to comfort him who grieves,
And quit the wint'ry Scene:
The Country now can yield no Charms;
Return, and fill your Lover's Arms.

Two fond Lovers meeting. A SONG.

CAN any Transports equal those,
 Which two fond Lovers feel,
 Who meet, that thought to meet no more,
 And their past Woes reveal.
 Their Joys, too great to be express'd,
 So croud the falt'ring Tongue,
 Fain wou'd they breath their Soul in Words,
 But Passion strikes them dumb.

III

Yet do their Eyes, at the blest Sight,
 Enraptur'd Glances dart;
 They blush, they sigh, their Wishes pant,
 And flutter round the Heart.
 Like Statues fix'd, amaz'd they stand,
 Survey their mutual Charms;
 Then, when the Extasy gives Leave,
 Fly to each other's Arms.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

CHLOE, with *Tom*, went out one Day,
 Prudes think, not in an honest Way,
 How vain their Fears! for *Tom* had got
 Materials fit to tie the Knot;
 But, e'er the *Parson* does begin,
 Enter *Papa*—and spoils the Scene:
Miss, carried Home, reluctant bears
Belinda's Taunts, and *Silvia's* Jeers:
 Unconscious that they once were seen,
 With *Ralph*, the *Gard'ner*, on the Green.

A BACCHANALIAN FLIGHT.

DESCEND, my Muse, descend with Speed,
 And aid me with thy gen'rous Steed;
 (We Bards wou'd have you understand,
 Tho' poor we've Horses at Command)
 I'll take a Journey into th' Air,
 And build a few fine Castles there.

'Tis done ; the *Pegasus* appears,
 Arch'd his high Neck, and cock'd his Ears :
 What vig'rous Blood swells ev'ry Vein !
 How graceful flows his waving Mane ;
 What sparkling Flames his Eye-balls dart !
 How well-proportion'd ev'ry Part !
 (I see no *Pegasus*, you cry,
 Then, Sir, you've no poetic Eye)
 And now I'm fix'd, and now he goes,
 Where we'll take up, he's wise that knows !
Gods! what a Prospect meets my Sight !
 I'm pleas'd—and yet I'm in a Fright !
 Prodigious this ! still, still we rise,
 We'll in a Moment, reach the Skies ;
 Already see the *lunar Sphere* !
 But what does Mr. ——— do there ?
 Too plain a Proof, it must be own'd,
 That I'm still grov'ling on the Ground.

ADVICE *to a* YOUNG LOVER.

IF for some lofty Dame you feel Desire,
 And in your Breast observe a hopeless Fire;
 Let not your future Folly, Fortune blame,
 But check, while yet resistable, the Flame;
 Quick from your Heart, the kindling Mischief tear,
 E'er Length of Time—too strongly root it there:
 For Time gives Strength—to rip'ning Time is due,
 That Grapes, once green, assume a purple Hue:
 In Time, plough'd Fields, with Grass are cover'd
 o'er,

And that turns Corn, which seem'd but Grass before.
 E'en the strong Stems of yon wide-spreading Trees
 Rose all in Time, and swell'd but by Degrees;
 For pliant once, each slender Sapling stood,
 Wose leafy Branches now adorn the Wood.
 Think well on this, nor, let your Bosom prove,
 The painful Pangs of unsuccessful Love;

And

And since so dang'rous is e'en short Delay,
 Let then your Passion, Reason's Force allay,
 And this Day rule—what may to-Morrow fway.

On L O V E.

L O V E's no irregular Desire,
 No sudden Start of raging Pain,
 Which in a Moment grows a Fire,
 And in a Moment cools again.

Not found in the sad *Sonnetteer*,
 That sings of Darts, Despair, and Chains,
 And by whose dismal Verse, 'tis clear,
 He wants not Heart alone, but Brains.

Nor does it center in the *Beau*,
 Who sighs by Rule, in Order dies,
 Whose All consists in outward Shew,
 And Want of Wit by Dress supplies:

No!

No! *Love* is something so divine,

Description wou'd but make it less;

'Tis what I feel, but can't define,

'Tis what I know, but can't express.

To a L A D Y.

OH how I tremble for thy Virgin Heart,
 Left Nature in thy Nuptials bear no Part;
 A Match the Project of another's Mind,
 Not by the Lover, nor thyself design'd!
 Unknown and Strangers to each other's Name,
 Interest anticipates th'uncertain Flame;
 You meet to try to raise a mutual Love,
 If your own Wills another's Choice approve.

Say, had you met without the least Design,
 Then wou'd your Hearts with one Accord incline:
 Had the warm Passion kindled in his Breast,
 Demanding you alone to make him blest'd:

Then

Then had you singl'd him from all you know,
 By Nature's Dictates, ever just and true;
 And He, by like Attraction, pitch'd on You.

Better if artless Love, unsought, arise,
 And the soft Fire invade without Surprize;
 Where Souls spontaneous to each other join,
 Allur'd and drawn by Accident divine.
 If to their Wishes, Fate permit Success,
 That Fair shall every human Joy possess;
 Shall in themselves an ample Treasure find,
 To crown their Days with Bliss, and fill the Mind.

Marriage is Union for remaining Life,
 You fix for ever when commenc'd a Wife;
 You mingle Joys and Grievs with one alone,
 You blend your Souls, and risque your Fates in one.
 Fortune, to which the Choice is oft' confin'd,
 Is but a Part, nor is it of the Mind.

I lov'd thee well, with Tendernefs extreme,
 My Love was Nature's Offspring, not a Scheme,

With

With thee I'd fain Life's peaceful Steps have trod,
 Centring my Bliss in thee alone, and God.
 My Muse shou'd ever smoothe thy gentle Ear,
 And place thee with the World's distinguish'd Fair;
 To latest Times convey thy shining Name,
 And give thy Merit it's Reward of Fame.
 Once didst thou favour her ambitious Strains,
 And, sweetly smiling, recompence her Pains.
 Thy Smiles peculiar fed my fond Desire,
 And bid me to the glorious Hope aspire.
 So long thy beauteous Person I survey'd,
 So much thy Mind my pleasing Study made;
 So oft' I've gaz'd with Love's attentive Eye,
 And rais'd my Passion and Esteem so high;
 So deep explor'd the Virtues of thy Breast,
 In private Hours of Conversation blest'd :
 A thousand nameless Graces have I seen,
 From latent Sources rising o'er thy Mien,
 Which scarce shall glimmer to another's Sight,
 Or in his diff'rent Thought inspire Delight.

Judgment

Judgment and Taste, and Nature's strong Controul,
 To all thy Charms subdu'd my active Soul.
 Another loves thee, by a Friend's Advice,
 Not on thy Worth can fix so just a Price;
 But takes you in the common Forms of Life,
 His Household Guardian, and commodious Wife.

On Miss W——H.

WHO can behold that Sweetness in her Eyes,
 Without being seiz'd with Pleasure and Surprise;
 Who can behold the Beauties of her Face,
 And not be mov'd by each attractive Grace;
 From every Feature, *Cupid* sends a Dart,
 To pierce th' unwary Gazer's panting Heart;
 Alas! no Mortal's safe, all must resign
 To Eyes that look so bright, and sweetly smile like
 thine!

An INVITATION to walk in May.

COME! *Cælia*, come! oh leave thy downy Bed,
 The Dawn is o'er, and *Phæbus* rears his Head;
 The Sky's serene, the Flow'rs their Leaves display,
 And the aerial Songsters hail the Day;
 Mild Zephyrs breath, and all around dispense,
 Sweet aromatic Gales, to charm the Sense.
 Come, let's contemplate Nature, while so gay,
 Arise, my Love, my Fair-one, come away;
 Traverse the Meads, and walk the blooming Groves,
 See how the Turtles court their faithful Loves:
 Down the green Conduits, mark the murm'ring Rill,
 There Flocks, here Herds, each verdant Valley fill.
 The Landskip varies as we onward pass,
 Now waving Corn, now beauteous Tracts of Grass.
 Deckt like a Bride, the blooming Earth appears,
 And all we view a florid Aspect wears.
 The balmy Season, vernal Joy inspires,
 And wakes in ev'ry Breast the genial Fires.

My

My *Celia's* Smile each Prospect will improve,
And fill my Soul with Gratitude and Love.

*By a GENTLEMAN, on two FAIR LADIES
at an Assembly.*

LUCINDA, deck'd with ev'ry Grace,

Can ev'ry Heart command :

And when we see sweet *Polly's* Face,

Who can that Face withstand ?

When two such heav'nly Maids as these,

At once attack my Sight ;

Each form'd with matchless Charms to please,

And give sublime Delight.

I'm like the *Ass*, between two Reeks

Of sweetly-scenting Hay ;

Whilst unresolv'd on which to fix,

He starv'd his Life away.

On the complaining Part of Ovid's Epistles.

THE *Madams*, forsaken, may languish and whine,
 And melt ev'ry Heart, but their Spouses and mine.
 Thus Fools, upon Record, their Dotage discover,
 And die, and are damn'd for the Loss of a Lover.
 But the Cause of their Frenzy need never be told,
 For sure they were all either ugly or old;
 Or, why shou'd a curious Collation be curs'd,
 Tho' one Man has eat till he's ready to burst?
 Then, since a pale Coarse may be conjur'd alive,
 E'er dying Affection can ever revive;
 Instead of lamenting, were I in their Case,
 I wou'd pluck up a Spirit, and step to the Glass;
 And, if no Youth, Beauty, nor Vigour, were there,
 I'd follow their Steps, who hang and despair;
 But, if each Look and Motion discover'd a Grace,
 And Verdure, unartful, illumin'd my Face,
 I wou'd stifle my Wrongs with a Courage heroic,
 Nor live like an *Idiot*, nor die like a *Stoic*;

But be nobly reveng'd, e'er Beauty was gone,
 And thousands shou'd groan for the Falshood of one.

THE Madams, forsaken, may languish and wince,
 And melt ev'ry Heart, but their Spoules and mine.

Thus Fools, who know their Follies discover,

And die, and are damn'd for the Loss of a Lover.
OH! the sweet, the rapt'rous Bliss!
 Of a balmy, am'rous Kifs!

Who, for this, wou'd not refuse

The rich Nectar's luscious Juice?

Or the Lilly's sweet Perfume?

Or the Rose's fragrant Bloom?

Or Scent the sweet Carnation yields?

Or spicy Gales from *Indian* Fields?

This can in a Moment dart

Keenest Pleasure to the Heart;

And, without this precious Blessing,

Life wou'd not be worth possessing.

And Verdure, unartful, illumind my Face,

I wou'd fift my Wrongs with a Courage heroic

Or live like an *Idiot*, nor die like a *Slave*;

But

On BELINDA.

YE Sons of *Mars*, your Courage boast no more,
 Since we, who feel *Belinda's* fatal Power,
 More Dangers know than You — what tho' You've
 been

Where Cannons roar, and Horror swells the Scene,
 Where flying Squadrons quit the dusty Plain,
 Retreat from Death, to live and fight again.
 In War, but one may of an hundred die,
 In Love, we know not what it is to fly ;
 For only one can happy be, and live,
 Of thousands, who *Belinda's* Darts receive.

A THOUGHT on DEATH.

THE gloomy Night, that darkens all the Sky,
 Informs Mankind, they certainly must die ;
 That all his Pleasures, like the fleeting Day,
 Must have an End, and he himself decay :

Whether serene, or stormy, are his Days,
 Loaded with Scorn, or surfeited with Praise;
 If rich, or poor, or moderately great,
 He surely must submit to destin'd Fate.

The DISTRUSTFUL BEAUTY.

BRIGHT *Chloris*, shun thy Glafs, for it has vext,
 Thy lively Mind, and all it's Thoughts perplex;
 It hath not told thy winning Beauties true,
 But brings false Shadows to thy jealous View;
 No Charm, or Feature, lovely Air, or Grace,
 But what adorns that charming, lovely Face:
 If e'er it offer to thy nice Survey,
 A Spot, or Stain, a Blemish, or Decay,
 To thee it ne'er belongs,—the faithless Light,
 Or faulty Glafs, deludes thy dazzl'd Sight;
 Or else thy Face has sure a Magic wrought,
 And an Enchantment on the Chrystal brought:

Fantastic

Fantastic Shadows sure deceive thy Eyes,
With airy repercussive Sorceries.

No Credit give to that distrustful Thought,
You are all Beauty, free from ev'ry Fault.
Look, charming *Chloris*, on my bleeding Heart,
In that true Mirror, see how fair thou art ;
There, Love thy dear, angelic Charms has drawn,
Shining serenely, like *Aurora's* Dawn ;
There Clouds of Sighs from *Cupid's* Altars rise,
And Shoals of Arrows shot from your bright Eyes.
Love, you know, flows from Beauty, the Effect,
Canst thou then the resistless Cause suspect,
Is he a wise Man thought ? who wou'd contend
That Fire was not, where Flames and Smoak ascend.
What Cure can for my bleeding Heart be found ?
When you believe your Beauty cannot wound.
You are afflicted, that you are not fair,
And I as much tormented, that you are.
Shine forth, then, *Chloris*, break thro' this dark Cloud,
Confess your Beauty, tho' you thence grow proud :

Be fair, tho' scornful, any Way inclin'd,
 'Tis better so, by that alone you'll find,
 That so much Sweetness makes you more unkind.
 But if you still persist, and still deny,
 And think my Love is only Flattery,
 I'll pine with Sorrow, and with Anguish die.

D A M O N. A P A S T O R A L.

NOW sunk with purple Rays the setting Sun,
 And, pleas'd, the Peasant saw his Labour done,
 Pent in their Folds, the Flocks no longer bleat,
 And Homeward tend their Kine with swelling Teat;
 Sweet flies the smiling Air before the Breeze,
 And all Things now—but *Damon's* Heart, had Ease.
 Ah, *Lucy!* *Lucy!* said the dying Swain,
 Long, long, e'er this, thou might'st have sold thy
 Grain;
 Nor loiter'd thus, unmindful of my Woe,
 And careless of those Pains I undergo:

Those

Those Pains that still in Absence on me seize,
 To which the parting Pangs of Death are Ease.
 What dreadful Cares distract my aching Thought?
 What gloomy Scenes are in my Fancy wrought?
 Perhaps she has old *Hobson's Nephew* met,
 The *Booby*, who must all his Riches get
 Of Wealth deserving—*Lubin* may prevail,
 And golden Heaps may gild his homely Tale!
 Or she, by Chance, may sprightly *Colin* see,
Colin, for Song so fam'd, so full of Glee;
 His Strains, perhaps, her female Fancy move,
 And triumph o'er my artless Vows of Love.
 Ah, *Lucy*! *Lucy*! when at *Stirbitch* Fair,
 Our Master's Cheeses were thy *Damon's* Care,
 Soon were they sold, and soon return'd I Home,
 Ah! half so soon wou'd charming *Lucy* come:
 But cruel she, or heedless of her Swain,
 Or with some rival Youth doth now remain.
 That antient Saying, too true, alas! I find,
 That Women's Vows are way'ring as the Wind.

How, faithless Fair ! can you ungrateful prove ?
 In spite of Falshood, why shou'd *Damon* love ?
 Yet see, who trips so quick thro' yonder Glade ?
 'Tis she, 'tis *Lucy*, 'tis my charming Maid !
 False all my Fears, false my Suspitions were,
 Her Heart is constant, as her Face is fair.

Swift to her Arms, the eager *Damon* flew,
 As flies the Arrow, from the twanging Yew.

EPIGRAM on a LADY's being stung by a Bee,

TO heal the Wound the Bee had made
 Upon my *Delia's* Face,
 It's Honey to the Wound she laid,
 And bid me kiss the Place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the Wound,
 Suck'd both the Sweet, and Smart ;
 The Honey on my Lips I found,
 The Sting went thro' my Heart.

The AMOROUS DUELLISTS.

TWO *British* Heroes, proud of antient Blood,
 For polish'd Beauty eager Rivals stood ;
 Both deeply pierc'd, their rankling Wounds confest,
 And pointed Beauty rag'd in either Breast ;
 What shou'd they do ? No Partnership's in Love,
 No middle Way contending Rivals prove,
 'Tis radiant Steel must end the fierce Dispute,
 And failing Reason glitt'ring Arms confute.
 Brave they engage, but yet with Caution brave,
 Each wou'd enjoy, yet each his Life wou'd save,
 Inglorious Action ! base unworthy Deed !
 Big in their Words, yet fear for Love to bleed.
 Such dastard Souls a Fate severe shou'd feel,
 And die untimely by some rusty Steel.

The GENERAL LOVER.

LET my Fair-one only be
 Female Sex, and she's for me ;

I can

I can love her, fair, or brown,
 Of the Country, or the Town :
 I can love her, rich or poor,
 Or her Wealth, or Face adore :
 Be she dull, or be she gay,
 Haunting Church, or haunting Play,
 I her Piety admire,
 Or her brisk, coquetting Fire :
 I an equal Flame can find
 For the coy, or coming kind :
 If kind, 'twou'd ungen'rous be
 Not to love her, that loves me :
 If coy, 'twou'd Injustice prove
 So much Virtue not to love.
 Be she fickle, so am I,
 Each will have their Liberty :
 Shou'd she be a constant Dame,
 It will shew how true her Flame.
 Be she tall, I like her Mien,
 Stalking nobly like a Queen :

If

If a little tiny Thing,
 Like Fairy, frisking in a Ring;
 Wisdom, it has been confess'd,
 Of all Ills to chuse the least :
 Let the Fair only be
 Female Sex, and she's for me.

She who cannot Credit give,
 Such a Lover e'er can live,
 Tell it to the wond'ring Fair,
 I this Moment sigh for her :
 Sigh for her,—whoe'er she be,—
 If Woman,—that's enough for me.

An EPITAPH on an INFANT.

READ this, and weep,—but not for me,
 Lament thy longer Misery.

My Life was short, my Grief the less;
 Blame not my Haste to Happiness.

A HYMN.

A H Y M N.

I.

O LORD, when I the Heav'ns survey,
And all the splendid Frame,
I feel my ardent Breast consum'd
With a devouring Flame.

II.

By thy Command, the radiant Sun
In Glory drowns the Day ;
And Stars, when Shade invest the World,
Their gentler Light display.

III.

The Spring, in sweet Vicissitude,
Adorns the flow'ry Fields ;
And Autumn, gay with golden Fruit,
A pleasant Prospect yields.

IV.

If, then, thy liberal Hand has pour'd
On Nature so much Grace,
Oh! with what Joy the Saints behold
Th' Effulgence of thy Face.

V.

While, by Reflection, I thy Charms
In Nature here descry,
Longing to enter thy bless'd Courts,
I languish, faint, and die.

VI.

My Soul wou'd, disengag'd from Earth,
Be ravish'd with thy Sight,
But, in this fordid Clay confin'd,
The Body stops it's Flight.

VII.

When wilt thou to thy Servant, LORD!
Unveil thy Beauty's Blaze,
And all my Faculties be lost
In Extasy, and Praise.

A RHAPSODY.

A R H A P S O D Y.

A SWAIN, who, musing on the various Cares
Of human Life, it's ceaseless Hopes and Fears ;
Had wander'd in a solitary Walk,
Where, with himself, he might with Freedom talk ;
Involv'd in Thought, his rambling Course pursu'd,
Regardless,—'till obstructed by a Flood,
Whose Banks were deck'd with never-dying Green,
He stop'd, amidst a pleasing rural Scene.

To form a Bow'r, the Cedar, and the Pine,
Umbrageous rise, their Branches intertwine,
And to resist the solar Beams combine ;
Their mingling Roots, which matted Moss o'er-
grows,
Swell from Earth's Surface, and a Seat compose ;
The Velvet Couch, with Verdure gay delights
The Eye, and to repose the Limbs invites.

Here sat the *Swain*, and cast about his View,
While ev'ry Glance presents an Object new.

In

In the calm Flood, the Sun himself surveys
 The limpid Mirrour, brighten'd by his Blaze,
 Gives to the Gazer's Eye his harmless Rays.

Hills, gently rising, bound the Prospect there,
 Tall Poplars, on the left, their Heads uprear;
 While, on the right, an Orchard cloaths his Field,
 Whose equi-distant Trees a Vista yield,

Thro' which, on you well-cultivated Plain,

The Lambs are seen to crop the grassy Grain :

Beyond the Plain, a beauteous Hill ascends,

Whose ridgy Height half circular extends ;

Thick Tufts of various Trees adorn it's Head,

It's fertile Sides unplanted Vines o'erspread.

When'er a-down the Steep, impetuous Rains

Descend, a Balon at it's Foot contains

Their Floods, and bars 'em from th' adjoining

Plains.

So sweet a Landscape sooths the troubl'd Swain,

His Breast no longer bleeds with fancy'd Pain,

But thus he sings in an unstudy'd Strain.

Oh

Oh lovely Place! what Language can display
 The pleasing Prospect, which my Eyes survey!
 Here, might a philosophic Poet's Mind,
 Fit Objects for her Contemplation find.
 To Wilds like these, the *Sabine* Bard retir'd,
 Was by the Life-informing Muse inspir'd :
 Wou'd she with Thoughts like his my Bosom warm,
 My moral Verse shou'd ev'ry Reader charm!

That rolling *Orb of Light*, the Source of Day,
 From his meridian Station posts away;
 And tho' his Beauties now o'erpow'r the Sight,
 Soon shall his brilliant Beams be veil'd in Night.
 Thus shall the *Soul*, which now my Life sustains,
 And sends the Blood swift circling thro' my Veins,
 The destin'd Time arriv'd, pursue it's Way
 To Worlds unknown—the Body shall decay,
 And be o'erwhelm'd with it's parental Clay.
 The stately Trees, which grace yon fertile Mould,
 Whose Leaves fell Victims to the wintry Cold,

May

May to the Man, who views their Trunks, declare,
 The Change which Humankind is doom'd to bear;
 Not long ago, their spreading Heads were gay,
 Thick-waving Foliage danc'd on ev'ry Spray;
 Tho' naked now their hoary Limbs are seen,
 Yet, by th' approaching *Spring*, recloath'd in Green,
 Fresh-blooming Ornaments shall crown each Head,
 And a new Family of Leaves succeed.

So, when the Man hath run his mortal Race,
 His Offspring for a while supply his Place;
 Produce their Likeness, and then haste to die,
 And leave the World to a new Progeny.

The gentle *Flood*, slow swallowing up the Beach,
 Rejoicing seems it's Boundary to reach;
 And, as the Waves o'erflow the shelvy Strand,
 Retiring from them, flits th' unstable Sand.
 Tho' now a Calm forbids the Flood to roar,
 Shou'd Winds arise subservient to their Pow'r,

Soon wou'd the Water shift his smiling Face,
 While Sands, and Mud, the Surface wou'd disgrace;
 With foaming Rage, it's boiling Billows white
 Wou'd Terror raise, and banish sweet Delight.

When I reflect on this, methinks, I find,
 Drawn on those Waves the Picture of my Mind;
 Tho' now my Bosom all serene and calm,
 Seems fill'd with soft Content, and pleasing Balm;
 Yet soon, perhaps, with rude, resistless Sway,
 Shall rising Passion drive this Calm away:
 The Mind, disturb'd and mad with raging Woe,
 Shall to the Sight a loathsome Bottom shew;
 And those Ideas, which my Fancy store,
 May be dispers'd, like Sands upon the Shore.

Oh thou, who dost the Universe sustain!
 How poor a Creature is thy Servant-Man!
 Whatever Views employ my musing Mind,
 My Weakness, and thy wond'rous Power I find.

Almighty

Almighty LORD ! thy providential Care
 Hath kept me, since I first drew vital Air ;
 And, tho' Misfortunes have my Life annoy'd,
 Desertless, many Blessings I've enjoy'd.
 Oh ! graciously accept my grateful Sense,
 Acknowledging thy great Beneficence ;
 From all my Faults and Follies set me free,
 From their ill Consequence deliver me.
 And with such Pow'rs my fickle Mind endue,
 That I my future Course may safe pursue ;
 In all those Trials I am doom'd to bear,
 While thro' the stormy Sea of Life I steer,
 Let Reason guide me with unfailing Care.
 And, that with Comfort I may act my Part,
 May Piety and Wisdom fill my Heart.
 Let no injurious Being work my Thrall,
 Nor let Misfortune heavy on me fall.
 Let not my own Misconduct work my Woe,
 Nor Error make me to myself a Foe.
 That I may Truth obtain divinely fair,
 Let my Perceptions be distinct and clear.

Grant me such Health, and such Prosperity,
 As to thy Wisdom shall seem good for me.
 Be my Life crown'd with Peace, to thee resign'd,
 Bless'd with Content, and with a tranquil Mind.
 And when that Duty, which on Man is laid,
 To Friends, and to my Family is paid ;
 And I, with just Endeavours still have strove,
 My Mind with useful Knowledge to improve ;
 With virtuous Habits to reform my Heart,
 And act thro' Life a just and honest Part ;
 May I, with Decency, submit to Fate,
 And find myself in a more happy State.

Here ceas'd the Swain,—and soon the Ev'ning
 Hour

Warn'd him to seek the House, and quit his verdant
 Bow'r.

An

An EPI T A P H.

HERE rests a *Woman*, good without Pretence,
Bless'd with plain Reason, and with sober Sense.

No Conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd,

No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd ;

Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,

Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own ;

So unaffected, so compos'd a Mind,

So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd.

Heav'n, as it's purest Gold, the Torture try'd,

The *Saint* sustain'd it, but the *Woman* dy'd.

*The POET'S LAMENTATION for the Loss of
his CAT, which he us'd to call his Muse.*

OPPRESS'D with Grief, in heavy Strains I
mourn,

The Partner of my Studies from me torn :

How shall I sing ? what Numbers shall I chuse ?

For, in my fav'rite *Cat*, I've lost my Muse.

No more I feel my Mind with Raptures fir'd,
 I want those Airs that Puffs so oft inspir'd;
 No crouding Thoughts my ready Fancy fill,
 Nor Words run fluent from my easy Quill;
 Yet shall my Verse deplore her cruel Fate,
 And celebrate the Virtues of my *Cat*.

In Acts obscene she never took Delight,
 No Catterwauls disturb'd our Sleep by Night;
 Chaste as a Virgin, free from every Stain,
 And neighb'ring *Cats* mew'd for her Love in vain.
 She never thirsted for the *Chicken's* Blood,
 Her Teeth she only us'd to chew her Food;
 Harmless as Satires which her Master writes,
 A Foe to scratching, and unus'd to Bites.

She in the Study was my constant Mate,
 There we together many Evenings sat.
 Whene'er I felt my tow'ring Fancy fail,
 I strok'd her Head, her Ears, her Back, her Tail;
 And,

And, as I strok'd, improv'd my dying Song,
 From the sweet Notes of her melodious Tongue :
 Her Purrs, and Mews, so evenly kept Time,
 She purr'd in Metre, and she mew'd in Rhime.
 But when my Dulness has too stubborn prov'd,
 Nor cou'd by *Puffs*'s Music be remov'd ;
 Oft to the well-known Volumes have I gone,
 And stole a Line from POPE, or ADDISON.

Oft-times, when lost amidst poetic Heat,
 She, leaping on my Knee, has took her Seat ;
 There saw the Throes that rack'd my lab'ring Brain,
 And lick'd and claw'd me to myself again.
 Then, Friends, indulge my Grief, and let me mourn ;
 My *Cat* is gone, ah ! never to return.
 Now in my Study, all the tedious Night,
 Alone I sit, and, unassisted, write :
 Look often round (oh greatest Cause of Pain !)
 And view the num'rous Labours of my Brain ;
 Those Quires of Words array'd in pompous Rhyme,
 Which brav'd the Jaws of all-devouring Time ;

Now undefended, and unwatch'd by *Cats*,
Are now doom'd Victims to the Teeth of *Rats*,

VERSES to *Miss* ———,

FOR ev'ry Stature of a Woman fit,
Anna has Spirit, sparkling Eyes, and Wit ;
Nor let her Want of Stature raise a Strife,
In less of Matter, there is more of Life :
Thus, Diamonds lessen'd into Brilliants rise,
And gain in Lustre what they lose in Size.

Once, we must own, deluded by the Throng,
She lean'd to Folly, but she lean'd not long.
Prancing, and pert, she bounc'd into the World,
She talk'd and titter'd, tofs'd the Head, and curl'd :
By Nature lively, she grew wild by Art ;
For sure it was so pretty—to be smart.

But soon recov'ring, 'midst the Flush of Youth,
Contented, she came Home to Sense and Truth ;

Of

Of ev'ry foreign, idle Grace disarm'd,
 She grew herself, she reason'd, and she charm'd.
 Yet, tho' she reasons, she can trifle still,
 With equal Spirit, but superior Skill ;
 And with some Change of Manners, and of Stiles,
 (For Folly laughs, but Wisdom only smiles)
 The Pertness fled, the Sprightliness remains,
 She then diverted, now she entertains,
 With lively Humour, and with easy Sense,
 Not at her Neighbours, but her own Expence ;
 With nice Reflections on the present Cast,
 Or graceful Censures of her Follies past ;
 Shy to decide, tho' ready to discern ;
 Fond to improve, and not ashamed to learn :
 Her Reason, with the Charms of Fancy grac'd,
 She feels a Relish, and she shews a Taste.
 Her Life by Principle and Truth she steers,
 Not turn'd by ev'ry Whistle that she hears.
 Like Half the Sex, from Matrons down to Girls,
 With Eyes that twinkle, and a Head that twirls :

With

With Soul and Body ever in a Dance,
 The Slave of Fashions, and the Sport of Chance ;
 Now light and giddy, then demure and prim,
 All Pride and Passion, Prejudice and Whim.
 Her Heart still regularly taught to beat,
 Is warm with Nature's, not with Passion's Heat.
 With friendly Sorrows apt to swell, or flow
 With gen'rous Softness for another's Woe,
 Which Friendship, Piety, Compassion move,
 And ev'ry tender Sentiment, but Love.

Yet Love may gain Admittance too, but slow,
 As yet a Stranger only, not a Foe.
 Her Heart is to be won, but has no Price,
 And is not so insensible, as nice.
 Thus ev'ry Virtue shining in it's Place,
 And ev'ry Virtue follow'd by a Grace,
 She claims our Praises ! are our Praises due ?
 The Picture charms us ! is the Picture true ?
 All Poets rant, their Fancy is their Law,
 They colour brightly, what they falsely draw,

Or,

Or, grant that one, in twenty, speaks his Mind,
 He may not flatter, but he may be blind,
 Some praise with Art, that cannot judge with Skill,
 And many flourish well, who reason ill.

Anna, your Worth the Writer's Fame insures,
 He drew the Picture, make that Picture your's.
 Shew to the Women, how their Glories sink,
 Shew to the Men, a Woman dares to think ;
 'Till all confess, discov'ring whom I paint,
 The Image faithful—tho' the Copy faint.

The LOVER'S CURSE.

WHO tells false Tales of her I love,
 I wish that this his Fate may prove :
 First, may he ever have the Curse,
 To doat on Widow for her Purse ;
 And may the just-departing Crone
 Give Hopes to all but him alone.

With

With true Love may his Heart be tore,
 And may the Object be a Whore.
 Be scorn'd by her whom all else scorn ;
 Forswear (by Sense of Shame o'erborn)
 What he before to her had sworn.
 May he, when his Conscience falters,
 E'er dream of Axes, Gibbets, Halters.
 If Spendthrift, may he seek his Bread
 From them whom he before had fed.

And, if it shou'd a Woman be,
 Nature has took Revenge for me ;
 I wou'd not wish a greater Ill,
 Let her but be a Woman still.

On a Company dancing.

THIS Dance foretels the Couple's Life,
 Who mean to dance as Man and Wife ;

As

As here they'll first with Vigour set,
 Give Hands, and turn whene'er they meet ;
 But soon will quit their former Track,
 Cast off, and end in Back to Back.

The GENEROUS MISER.

GRIPE-ALL, a cunning Cit, a niggard Elf,
 Keeps all his Goods and Chattles to himself,
 His Meat, his Wine, his Wisdom, and his Pelf. }
 Thus he ill-natur'd seems, yet for his Friends
 He something has that still can make Amends ;
 For *deary Spouse*, with better Humour fraught,
 As he does all Things, she'll deny us Nought.

The

The F A L L.

To E——— O———, Esq;

BLUSH not, dear *Ned*, that thou wert toft,
 When late in *Hudibrastic* Mode,
 Thy Senses and thy Stirrups loft,
 We found thee sprawling on the Road,
 Some airy *Sylph*, with gentle Care,
 Perceiv'd thee nodding o'er the Stones,
 And perch'd behind thee to prepare,
 An easy Bush to save thy Bones.

How *Calia* wou'd have scream'd to fee,
 Thy taper Limbs dash'd to the Ground,
 And nimbly sprung to follow thee,
 And feel if ev'ry Joint was found.

That *Gypsy*, *Fortune*, skulks behind,
 While we jog on secure and slow,
 And, Jockey-like, too oft we find,
 She gives the Jolt, and down we go.

So.

So, Ministers of State are known
 To totter on their Ruin's Brink ;
 Their *Stirrup-Pensioners* withdrawn,
 At once they drop, and down they sink.

An ODE *on* MAN.

VAIN, feeble Man ! to boast of Birth,
 Of Fortune, Titles, Riches, all
 Those tinsell'd Nothings of this Ball :
 Thou short-liv'd Glow-Worm of this Spot of Earth,
 What can those gaudy Trinkets do ?
 Will stern, inexorable Fate
 Regard thy Pomp of Wealth, or State,
 And wave the destin'd Blow ?

No—that resistless, pow'rful Hand,
 That Scourge of Pride will surely strike ;
 And the last gen'ral Debt demand,
 Arresting Kings and Slaves alike.

View then with Scorn thy Idol-Store,

Alas ! too impotent to save

Thy Moth-doom'd Carcass from the Grave,
That glutt'd Magazine of Rich and Poor.

An EPIGRAM on our imitating the French.

SAGE formal *Apes* endeavour all they can,
With their grave Whims to be as wise as *Man* ;
Parisian Fops, the like affected seem
To have a *Face*, an *Air*, and *Tail* like them ;
From which our Taste thus only disagrees,
These mimick *Apes*, and we but mimick *these*.

A S O N G.

I.

MOTHERS, thro' too much Pride, or Love,
Ne'er fail of Inclination
To breed their Children far above
The Level of their Station.

The

II.

The Farmer to the Dancing-School,

Must send his aukward Daughter,

To spend what he shou'd give the Fool

To match her well hereafter.

III.

So when the Wench, by am'rous Sighs,

Declares she's ripe and ready,

In Minuet and Boree lies

The Fortune of my Lady.

IV.

Thus bred, the wanton, clumsy Lads

A working Slave despises ;

And rather chusing to be base,

She falls before she rises.

V.

When, if the Hoyden had been bred

To th' Ladle, and her Needle,

She wou'd not then have been misled

To ogle, kifs, and wheedle.

VI.

Wherefore those Parents act awry,
And, in the Main, deceive 'em.
Who breed their Children proudly high,
Yet little have to give 'em.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

THESE are the Things, which once possess'd,
Will make a Life that's truly blest'd ;
A good Estate on healthy Soil,
Not got by Vice, nor yet by Toil ;
Round a warm Fire, a pleasant Joke,
With Chimney ever free from Smoke ;
A Strength entire, a sparkling Bowl,
A quiet Wife, a quiet Soul,
A Mind as well as Body whole ;
Prudent Simplicity, constant Friends,
A Diet which no Art commends ;
A merry Night, without much drinking,
A happy Thought, without much thinking ;

Each

Each Night by quiet Sleeps made short,

A Will to be but what thou art :

Possess'd of these, all else defy,

And neither wish, nor fear to die.

These are the Things, which once possess'd,

Will make a Life that's truly blest'd.

A Cure for the Gout.

O Gout ! thou puzzling, knotty Point,

Who nick'st Man's Frame in ev'ry Joint,

Like Surgeon's-Hall, you Richness gain,

By screwing mortal Limbs to Pain ;

First, Miner-like, you work below,

To sap Man's Fabric by the Toe ;

So footing take where footing ends,

As *Hebrew* reading backward tends.

If Med'cine can't the Smart dislodge,

From Bone to Bone you play and dodge ;

Then, in Revenge, like flying Foe,
 You burn and cripple where you go ;
 So four Saps, from Crab-Tree Root,
 Begin below, and upwards shoot ;
 And, where malignant Juices flow,
 Close knotty Nobs in Sharpness grow :
 Old *Oedipus*, the *Theban King*,
 Felt swelling Joints, and gouty Sting,
 And tho' the Sage cou'd *Sphinx* explain,
 He never cou'd unriddle Pain.
 Let Stoicks boast of Indolence,
 Man's Case attains a feeble Sense.
 And, what is worse, th' affected Part,
 Finds small Relief by Doctor's Art :
 The Skill of *Mead* confounded stands,
 When Patient roars, my Toe ! my Hands !
 If, as Friend *Tully* often hints,
 Man's Case a Prison represents ;
 The *Gout* supplies the Goal with Chains,
 And fills the Tenement with Pains.

Corrosive Pains, that cramp the Bone,
 And stop all Music, but their own.
 But as *Apollo*, God of Wit,
 Besides his Physic, keeps a Kit;
 No Doubt, to sooth the Patient's Heart,
 When Med'cine can't remove the Smart;
 This pleasing Lenitive admit,
 Perhaps the Tune may sooth the Fit:
 I've heard, that *Bees*, when ranging found,
 Are charm'd to Peace by tinkling Sound.
 When cutting Teeth, or ill-plac'd Pin
 Molest a tender Infant's Skin,
 Shrill Lullabies, in Nurfes Strain,
 Affuage the peevish Bantling's Pain.
 Then, as the Humours throb and ach,
 This easy, safe Prescription take.

In Elbow-Chair, majestic sit
 In full high Twinge, yet scorn to fret;
 Suppose yourself in *Papal See*,
 Extending Toe to Devotee:

From these Examples, cease to fume,
 And, in the soothing Flannels Room,
 Wrap round your Joints this healing Verfe,
 'Tis Patience proves the kindest Nurse.

The M A T C H.

A DOATING old Fool had a Mind for to wed,
 And he took a gay, wanton, young Lads to his Bed;
 She married the Man for the Sake of the Pelf,
 In Hopes of a Spark, and a House to herself.
 When Darknefs was fled, he wou'd angle till Noon,
 But once broke his Line, and returning too soon,
 He surpriz'd the young Couple——When *Madam*
 began,
 Why so fullen, my Dear ? look up like a Man;
 The 'Squire has brought me the Lemons you see,
 Do but get me some Corks, and the Liquor's for
 thee;

This

This will warm you within, if it freezes or snows,
 And your House is insur'd, as the Policy shews :
 Of a Truth, you've no Need to bemoan your bad
 Luck,

He has sent us besides the best part of a *Buck*.
 I am no such Woodcock, the *Husband* replies,
 I know that your Conduct my Fortune supplies ;
 But yet tho' this Bounty my Table adorns,
 Whilst I eat of the *Buck*, I shall think of the *Horns*.

On B U R L E S Q U E.

W H E N Wags pervert, what others serious
 writ,

'Tis the low Exercise of frothy Wit.

In *Virgil's* Page, the *Hero* stands confess'd :

We read with Pity *Troy's* Remains distress'd,

Tho' made, in merry *Travestic*, a Jest ;

The captivating *Prince*, the frantic *Queen*,

However banter'd, is a noble Scene.

The Droll cannot debase one Sterling Line,
 'Tis Bullion all, and will for ever shine.
 Such Writers make one laugh, yet still Burlesque
 Is, at the best, but Poetry's Grotesque.
 A Dawber may a Village Revel strike,
 But who can draw an *Alexander*, like!
 Nor fam'd *Apelles* wou'd, nor *Virgil* chuse,
 Or a *Dutch* Pencil, or a *Cotton's* Muse.

VERSES *sent to a* LADY, *with a* Lap-dog.

TO thee, fair Nymph, a Dog I send
 Thy Couch to guard, thy Board t' attend.
 This Dog might an Example be
 To the most noble two-legg'd He.
 By Fear unaw'd, by Hope unsway'd,
 No Friend, nor Trust, has he betray'd;
 Faithful in Service he will prove,
 And ever-grateful for thy Love.

Such

(Such as each Maid might wish her Swain,

Always to please, and never pain.)

Yet, him, we faucy Men, do call

A Creature quite irrational,

What then is Reason? Instinct what?

And wherein differs this from that?

Tell me, ye learned Scholiasts, say,

Why those who boast of Reason's Sway,

Are far less govern'd, far more fool'd,

Than those by weaker Instinct rul'd?

No Answer to these Doubts is found,

But quibbling Jargon, senseless Sound.

Take, therefore, take, thou tender Fair,

The jetty *Mauro* to thy Care;

By thy soft Hand, may he be led,

And by those snowy Fingers fed!

When soothing Dreams thy Eye-lids close,

On the same Down may he repose;

Thy Charms from bold Intruders keep,

And only to *Alexis* sleep.

On A B S E N C E. A S O N G,

Tune Tweed Side.

I.

RESTRAIN'D from the Sight of my Dear,
No Object with Pleasure I see ;

Tho' Thousands all round me appear,

The World's but a Defart to me :

Ev'ry Morning, her Charms to survey,

Sol's Absence I'd gladly excuse ;

'Tis her Eyes that restore me the Day,

'Tis Night, when their Lustre I lose.

II.

In vain are the Verdures of Spring,

The Fields drefs'd so bloomingly gay,

The Birds that delightfully sing,

Delight not when *Cælia's* away :

Oh! give the dear Nymph to my Arms,

The Seasons unheeded may roll ;

Her Prefence like Midsummer warms,

Her Absence out-freezes the Pole.

Reclin'd

III.

Reclin'd by soft, murmuring Streams,
 I, weeping, disburthen my Care ;
 I toll to the Rocks my fond Themes,
 Whose Ecchoes but sooth my Despair ;
 Yet Streams that soft murmuring flow,
 Convey to my Love ev'ry Tear,
 Ye Rocks that resound with my Woe,
 Repeat my Complaints in her Ear.

IV.

Oh ! tell her, I languishing lie
 In the Midst of Life's vigorous Bloom,
 That 'tis only herself can supply
 The Cure that retrieves from the Tomb :
 And if the dear Charmer shall deign
 To equal my amorous Fire,
 That Moment will ease all my Pain,
 New Life, and new Pleasure inspire:

The A D V I C E.

I Grant it, — and declare
 I never yet saw Nymph more fair,
 Nor form'd for more Delight :
 No Statue can thy Shape surpass,
 With matchless Air, and Mien, and Grace,
 And Eyes as Di'monds bright.
 Thy Lips, which Coral far excel,
 Or Colours that in Rubies dwell,
 Your pearly Teeth adorn ;
 The Beauties, which thy Cheeks disclose,
 Abash the Lilly and the Rose,
 Or Colours of the Morn.
 And then thy fable Tresses deck
 With wanton Curls thy lovely Neck,
 As Marble smooth and white ;
 And such a Contrast there doth shew,
 As Ravens on a Hill of Snow,
 Or Darknes to the Light.

Who

Who can such Force of Wit withstand,

As thou at all Times can command

With such peculiar Grace ?

Good-natur'd, affable, and gay,

With Charms of Mind to keep the Sway,

And Conquests of thy Face.

Reserve thou then with choicest Care,

Those Boons which Nature gives so rare,

And of such Charms be nice ;

The Things of greatest Value known,

Lose greatly, if too often shewn,

Their real Worth, and Price:

Observe the Sun, the Source of Light,

To him, altho' he shines so bright,

Small Notice we afford ;

But in those gloomy Regions, where

Seldom his glad'ning Beams appear,

He's courted and ador'd.

Man,

Man, born for Labours proud and vain,

Prize most, what's hardest to obtain,

And ev'ry Thing that's rare :

This Conqu'ror, then, at Distance hold,

He'll court the more, if you seem cold ;

But scorns the willing Fair.

PYRRHUS *King of* EPIRUS.

To Sir W——— B———,

I.

BOLD *Pyrrhus* swore he'd humble *Rome*,

And bring it's Pride and Empire under,

So lugg'd his Elephants from Home,

As Mountains high, as loud as Thunder.

II.

Th' unwieldy Champions grunt and roar,

In aukward, clumsy Order muster'd ;

The like was never seen before,

Fabricius star'd, and *Pyrrhus* bluster'd.

But

III.

But a brave *Roman*, void of Fear,
Found, when he shot his pointed Dart,
As you, Sir, lately, you know where,
A yielding, penetrable Part.

IV.

The tow'ring Squadron, rashly vain,
With panic Terror seiz'd, we find,
Left in Confusion on the Plain,
The Empire of the World behind.

V.

Perhaps, Sir *W——m*, you'd compare
Such mighty Rout, such weak Defence,
To deep-mouth'd *Stentor* at the Bar,
To *Dingle's* Muse, or *Hobnail's* Sense.

VI.

Rome smil'd to see her Heroes lead
The Herd triumphantly about,
As you know *K——y* did in Bed
A vanquish'd *Monster* by the Snout.

RESIGNATION

RESIGNATION *a* VIRTUE.

RICHARD o' th' *Green*, grown old, and very poor,
 For *Sunday's* Change had but the Shirt he wore ;
 Wakes, Fairs, or Markets, or whatever came,
 He wore his Linen turn'd, but still the same.
 Whene'er 'twas wash'd, or when a bleaching spread,
 He strip'd to Buff, and lay the while in Bed.
 At last, as drying in the Sun-shine laid,
 Some Thief, that made no Conscience of his Trade,
 (A faithless Trimbush, who ne'er fail'd the Sport,)
 Skulk'd slyly by, and stole away the Shirt :
 The good old *Wife* screams out aloud, undone !
 Oh *Husband* ! *Gaffer* ! Oh thy Shirt is gone !
 He cries in Bed—Peace, *Fool*, is that such News ?
 Those that have something, they must something lose.

F I N I S.